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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

On Tuesday the Prime Minister took part in the House of Commons debates for the first time for some little while past; and he spoke of having neglected his duty of late. But his is a "neglect of duty" which the public expects in the Prime Minister and honours. There are cases, very few in number perhaps but of deep importance, where the private duties of a public man are more insistent than his public ones: the Prime Minister's is a case in point. In his present anxiety he has every English man's and every English woman's sympathy.

The Education Bill is being rammed through Committee. Clause 4 was guillotined on Wednesday. Ministers may be grateful indeed to that effectual silencer of argument. It saved them from all discussion of the filching of their rent from the Voluntary schools that may enjoy the wonderful privileges of Clause 4. Mr. Redmond would not discuss this as too mean to be credible. But it is a fact all the same. The Government, especially Mr. Birrell, have come out of this week's debates badly scathed. On the proposal to make it obligatory on local authorities, instead of optional, to grant "exceptional facilities", the Government majority sank to 103. Many Liberals, most of them of some prestige, spoke against the Government and in favour of the amendment. Mr. Herbert Paul did, Mr. Masterman and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. In all about twenty Labour members voted against the Government. Throughout the week the Government majorities have been low. Indeed had this Ministry obtained only a normally large majority, from eighty to a hundred, say, they would already, after a few months of office, have been hopelessly beaten.

There is no longer any attempt to disguise the Bill's discrimination in favour of Roman Catholics against the Church of England. These champions of Protestantism, who objected to paying rates for the teaching of religion they did not believe in, and now put forward "the Romanising of the Church" as an excuse for this Bill, are yet quite willing to charge Roman Catholic schools on the rates; anything in fact so that nothing is done for Anglicans. Mr. Birrell, who thinks it such an iniquity that a Nonconformist's child should have to attend a Church school, tells us he was perfectly content that his own son should go to a Roman Catholic school. How much for the sincerity of Nonconformists' Protestant tub-thumping?

It is likely enough that the Little Englander element in the Government is rather opposed to the Liberal-Imperialist element. Even so, we need not conclude that Mr. Lloyd-George sets people on to bait Mr. Asquith. Some time ago when the petticoat politicians were interrupting him Mr. George, according to the Press, mentioned the fact that the only Minister who was strongly opposed to women having the vote was the only Minister whose meetings had not been broken up. Since then Mr. Asquith—the Minister in question—has been beset. Some of the suffragettes have lately declared that Mr. Lloyd-George egged them on to worry his colleague in the Government! If our Parliament is weak in logic now, what will it be when we have lady M.P.'s and possibly—as Mr. Labouchere once suggested—a "Speakeress" in the Chair? The only place for men then will be behind the grille.

To judge by the way in which the leaders of this terrific movement push the police about and engage in "struggles" not only before they go to prison, but also when they are asked to come out, there will be a physical force party with a vengeance in Parliament when the suffragettes win. It will be a Parliament of amazons. However, just for the moment the cause has had a set-back. One suffragette in the midst of her tract-circulating in Hyde Park the other day was quietly but firmly removed by the police—"The Brutes!"—

her leader shouting out "they've got her!" Then another lady who persisted in going to prison has been bailed out willy nilly, as we suggested she ought to be. May every lady who is ordered to go to prison by the ungallant magistrate for wanting to ring Mr. Asquith's bell have generous and foolish friends.

An action by women graduates of Edinburgh and S. Andrews against the University authorities for refusing to allow them to vote at the recent Parliamentary election is a phase of the Woman Suffrage movement which is free from the farcical element. These ladies would certainly have a good case if brains had anything to do with the franchise, but the legal point is simply whether the use of the word "person" in the University Act of 1868 confers on women as graduates the right to vote for the University representative. In the general franchise statutes the word man is used; in the Act of 1868 the word "person": but at that time there were no women graduates. The argument against the claim is that the common law disability of women must prevail unless the right is expressly conferred on women. The use of person in the statute is qualified by the phrase "if not subject to any disability", so that this, it is argued, reserves the disability of womanhood. Lord Salvesen has taken his decision *ad avizandum* as the Scotch say, but in any case it will not affect the general question of the franchise.

The election petition match was concluded this week. It may be described as a drawn game. At Worcester the Ministerialists made a goal, but the Opposition got level with them at Bodmin. Of course if you count tries, the Ministerialists have had nominally slightly the better of the game, for they had a try at Maidstone and another at Yarmouth; whereas the Opposition had only one try—at Attercliffe, where, thanks to Mr. Justice Grantham, Mr. Batty Langley, the sitting Liberal member, keeps his seat all right. In the good fortune of our friends there is often something just a trifle unsatisfying: if only Mr. Justice Grantham had unseated Mr. Langley, what fuel Mr. Langley's friends would have been able to bring to the great fire which Mr. Swift McNeill is going to kindle directly.

The birthday honours list approximates in numbers to the Government majority in the House. Is there any idea of swamping the House of Lords to make way for the Education Bill? The strong Liberal flavour about the list is natural enough, seeing how small a share in the disposal of honours has fallen to the Liberals during the last twenty years. One honour at any rate relieves the list from the charge of commonplaceness. There is distinction indeed, twice blessed, about the G.C.B. given to Don Porfirio Diaz, the Mexican president. An elective officer, Don Porfi, as he is familiarly, and affectionately, called in his own country, has ruled Mexico with all the power of an autocrat for some twenty years. His rule has once more proved the superior efficiency of dictatorship, when benevolent and capable, to any other government.

Only one name figures under the Order of Merit, Lord Cromer, greatest of Proconsuls Lord Curzon has styled him. There are six new Peers and six Privy Councillors. Of the Peers Mr. Leonard Courtney, who in party politics might be described as a Unionist-Ministerialist, is the most interesting. Rather prophetic in manner and reminiscent of Disraeli's "superior person"—Horsman was it not?—whom everybody respects and out of whose way everybody hastens to get, Mr. Courtney's is without question an impressive figure. Mr. Courtney is quite a self-made man who has won his way by intellectual force and character. He is something of an orator and has a voice that may fill even the House of Lords. The list of new Privy Councillors is not particularly exciting, but it includes good steady men who know about things and have been in public life a long while. Of the politicians Dr. Farquharson is perhaps the best known, and a natural choice. There is one very interesting name

among the C.B.'s. Luke O'Connor V.C., who rose from the ranks, has been a grand soldier. The story of his rise to fame in the Crimea is delightful and romantic. This really is an honour paid to the bravest of the brave.

The evidence given before the special tribunal appointed to try the Egyptian natives charged with murderous assault on British officers at Denshawi left no room for doubt that the attack was premeditated and in no way provoked by the officers concerned, as Sir Edward Grey made clear in his admirable statement on Thursday night. The trial bore out the view we suggested a fortnight ago that Mohammedan opinion had been dangerously excited by Turkish aggression and intrigue, and the death not only of Captain Bull but of the wretched men who were executed on Thursday must be laid at the Turk's door. Of the prisoners four have been hanged, two sent to penal servitude for life and fifteen others suffer various degrees of punishment. It is of peculiar importance that the fellaheen in more or less remote parts of the country should be made to understand that the hand which has restored prosperity and order to Egypt has not been removed. The assault was of a most cowardly nature, and the consequences to the British officers, who gave up their rifles by way of appeasing the mob, would have been much more serious if certain sheikhs and gaffirs had not come to their assistance.

Sir West Ridgeway and the Committee of Inquiry left South Africa on Wednesday. To what extent their labours can be pronounced a success will not be known till the Government has had an opportunity of digesting their report and conferring with them. The two months spent in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony have not been spent in vain if the Committee have seized the essential facts of the situation from the British as well as the Boer point of view. This, it is feared in influential quarters, they have not done. Certainly they will not have attained their first object, which was to evolve an electoral scheme that should meet with the unanimous support of all parties in the Transvaal. Sir West Ridgeway and his colleagues were indeed called upon to find a way of reconciling the irreconcilable.

More than a fortnight has elapsed since Bambaata's death and Sigananda's surrender, and the rebels have not yet been made to see that it is hopeless to continue the struggle. They have lost their principal leaders and they have been roughly handled in several encounters with Colonel Mackenzie's forces, but the experience of Colonel Leuchars in a reconnaissance in the Mapumulo district on Wednesday shows that there are strong and daring bodies of the enemy still to be disposed of. Though no doubt, as the Natal Premier says, the rebellion has been localised, fresh tribes continue to join the rebels, and the situation is aggravated by roving bands of natives who are a terror to the loyalists and cannot readily be got at by the colonial forces in the field.

In Russia at present the most serious situation is caused by the total failure of the crops in the Lower Volga Provinces. This added to the general agrarian discontent is an evident complication which would require the most loyal co-operation between Ministers and the Douma; but unfortunately the fierce intestine quarrels still continue in the Douma. Ministers have proposed votes of seven or eight million pounds to be raised by loan or otherwise for the relief of the distress; but the various parties in the Douma have expressed suspicion of the Ministers and asserted that the Douma ought to administer the funds itself: though, as Prince Dolgourokoff said, it has no machinery for the purpose. Clearly the famine is being made a piece in the game for the dismissal of Ministers and the appointment of a Ministry from the Douma. Many dire forebodings are always founded on the financial position: but it seems to be admitted that whatever "official optimism" there may be in the trade returns for the four months of the present year, the deposits



withdrawn during the recent troubles are coming back into the banks; and what City editors love to talk of as the "acute stringency" of money is disappearing. All this must be set off against other pessimistic reports.

The German journalists have been introduced to many characteristic sides of English life during their visit. They have met many representative men and seen many institutions; even leading journalists and leading newspaper offices. But at the dinner professedly given by English journalists in their honour they could hardly have missed noticing that, with the exception of Mr. Stead and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the representatives of the press were deputising in the absence of their chiefs. All the editors seem to have agreed to attend by deputy. The guests however bravely kept up the affectation of believing that English journalism was there in full force: and, just as if it had been, duly expressed the special gratification which being entertained by their "fellow penmen" gave them. The affair was pleasant enough especially in its later stages; but in its earlier it was managed in a very casual manner.

Of the many wise things which the Cobden Club has done none has been more titillating to its opponents than the appeal to Australia made under its auspices by 297 members of Parliament not to support preferential tariffs in the coming elections. As we love you, says the document almost in so many words, save us from any action on your part which might make the food of our working-men dearer. The nature of this grave concern for the working-men may perhaps be understood when it is said that men like Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. J. R. Macdonald have refused to sign what amounts to a frenzied invitation to Australia not to expose the hollowness of the Cobdenite pretence of Colonial knowledge. Mr. Chamberlain must have been tickled by the appeal. It is at once a tacit and tangible admission that Cobdenism is fearful lest Colonial opinion, by declaring in favour of an Imperial tariff, may destroy a whole crop of industriously propagated fiction.

Often enough there are laws in all countries which are dead letters because the authorities do not enforce them. This is the case in America in regard to the illegal acts of the Trusts. Under the stimulus of recent events the Courts are discovering that they have powers of imprisonment which can be used more effectively than fines; and they are showing quite a new inclination to use them. Several cases have occurred in which the officials concerned in obtaining rebate freight rates, one of the means by which the Trusts kill competition, have been sentenced to imprisonment. But an even more striking instance of the new views about the Trusts is a case at St. Louis, where the judge has held that as a Trust is an unlawful combination it cannot enforce a contract to pay for their goods. This is a better way than appointing commissions which come to nothing for rather obvious reasons. But there is still the Supreme Court, which has always been the refuge of the threatened capitalist interests.

If Mr. Philip Snowden the labour M.P. has his way there really will be "splendid paupers" before very long. He proposed, in his interesting evidence before the Income-tax Committee this week, a tax of six shillings in the pound on incomes of over £50,000 a year; and it seems he would only have this as a start. At this rate it will be an indiscreet, even a disqualifying, thing to be rich in the future. When a man reaches £50,000 a year he will be on the way to the workhouse. It rather reminds one of the state of things under the old poor law seventy or eighty years ago. Under that system the village labourer in many places who was left a bit of money, or who had made a bit, was in a very bad way. Nobody would employ him because he was not on the rates, and until he had spent or lost his little hoard he had no chance whatever. If we go as far as Mr. Snowden, why not go a little further and do the thing thoroughly; let us quietly relieve a man

of his income when it passes fifty thousand a year, and dole it out as old-age pensions to the undeserving poor.

By the discussion in Standing Committee, which has now finished with the Workmen's Compensation Bill, the Bill has been greatly improved. In the present Act diseases incurred by trade work do not rank as "accidents" and there is no compensation. Many of the trades specified as dangerous in the Factories Acts have now been included in the Bill, especially the deadly lead glazing in the pottery trade. Other dangerous trades not included are to be inquired into and embodied as occasion may require in Provisional Orders. The improvement in the health of pottery workers by Factory Acts has been most marked, and shows what can be done by legislation. Now the manufacturers will have an additional reason for care in their liability for compensation. But a public with a conscience on the question of highly glazed ware would do even more good.

Mr. Shaw's lecture at Caxton Hall on Thursday touched this subject. Lead glazing is a fine example of "Poisoning the Proletariate", but it is not so popular as Chicago canned meat. The anarchist method of dealing with these and other abuses is, as Mr. Shaw described it, that of "men reasoning with their brains left out". This cleverly hits off the outrages of bomb-throwing. Excuses for bomb-throwing drawn from the existence of social and industrial evils are really pleas for the reform of society by lunatics. Mr. Shaw declares that "all the Conservative press" has committed itself to this absurdity in its treatment of the outrage on the King and Queen of Spain. The charge passes harmlessly over our heads at any rate.

In the competition between the London County Council and its rivals to provide London and district with electrical energy in bulk the committee on the Bills has ratified the important principle that this function ought to be entrusted to a public body. But the committee is not satisfied that the proposals of the Council as to its relations towards the companies in future are satisfactory, and the committee will have to be satisfied on this point before it can report in favour of a Council's Bill. The Council's Bill was prepared hastily and this will cause expense which might have been avoided. It required too the stimulus of the Administrative County Company before it recognised what the committee describes as the urgent need of electric supply in bulk. In many respects the committee considered this company's scheme was better than that of the Council, so there is ample reason for putting back the Council's for another year. The Council will have to be prepared promptly with its amendments or its claims as a municipality may give way to the pressing circumstances of the case.

A hospital which promises to be self-supporting, without having to apply for maintenance funds, when once it is built, is not often met with. This is the case with the Tuberculosis Sanatoria to be built at Benenden in Kent, on behalf of which Mr. Chamberlain spoke at the meeting at Lord Plymouth's house on Wednesday. It is remarkable that benefit societies such as the Hearts of Oak, and the Foresters, and Post Office employees, find tuberculosis so great a strain on their funds that they are prepared to support the institution out of their own resources, so that they may benefit by their members being treated in the early stages of the disease. The benefit to society all round would be immense if the National Association were enabled, as it aims at doing, to establish many such sanatoria for consumptives of the working classes. Aiding in their establishment seems so plainly a duty, and a privilege of those with great wealth, that Mr. Chamberlain's surprise at the indifference of millionaires to their opportunities must be echoed by everyone who is not a millionaire.

The "Social Institutes Union" is a philanthropic undertaking that deserves encouragement. It is connected with no religious, political, or municipal party, but simply seeks to provide amusement of an evening

for working men and women by turning school-rooms and mission halls and other suitable buildings into temporary clubs. Last Saturday Lord Dysart very kindly invited the members of the Union to spend a broiling afternoon in the lovely grounds of Ham House. A large party, composed of representatives from eleven working-men's clubs and four working-girls' clubs, was shepherded by Mrs. Annan Bryce, and thoroughly enjoyed Lord Dysart's hospitality. Ham House is one of the most famous historical mansions near London. There is the room in which the "Cabal" used to meet (Lauderdale is one of the Tollemache ancestors) which is hung with Mortlake tapestry in a perfect state of preservation. In the hall and the long gallery there are family portraits by Vandyke, Kneller, after Hoppner, and Lely.

What is to be done with the boy smoker? He won't think imperially, or he would know that he is doing his worst for future generations. Many doctors before the House of Lords Committee on juvenile smoking arose to tell him this and rebuke him. But he is sure to take no notice, exactly as if he were an adult smoker. Nor does he either know or care how dreadfully irritating he is to older smokers who have forgotten that they made their first effort about his age. Everybody but the boys themselves would like to stop their smoking. It would be a good thing on all counts; but it is a little difficult to accept some of the wide statements of the doctors. For instance, how does Dr. Wigmore prove that boys are deteriorating through smoking, and that there is no deterioration amongst girls? Sir William Broadbent says that smoking and drinking often go together. So they do: but men do not usually have to drink because they smoke.

"Punch" has lost the libel action brought by Mr. Thomas against its publishers for a review written by "Toby, M.P.", of a book dealing with the life of Sir John Robinson of the "Daily News". It is not a bad record that this is the first time "Punch" has lost a libel action. The plaintiff retains his £300 damages, as the Court of Appeal has upheld the original verdict at the trial by Mr. Justice Darling a few weeks ago. Mr. Thomas suspected Mr. Lucy's fairness in writing severely on account of their relations before the action. Also Mr. Lucy had asserted that from the few mutilated extracts given there were abundant materials for a delightful biography, though the plaintiff had failed to write it from them. This was a mistake and "Punch" confessed and apologised for conveying an impression of Mr. Thomas' literary methods which turned out to be erroneous.

"Punch's" defence was that there was nothing on the face of the article itself which showed that the bounds of fair comment had been overstepped and that evidence of actual malice could not be given. But the Court of Appeal puts an article which looks like fair comment on the footing of a letter written by a mistress about a servant. It is privileged and whatever she says is not actionable unless it can be shown that she was actually influenced by malice. The letter may be as calm and restrained and formal as it pleases in appearance; but behind it actual malice may be shown. So it is with an article written on a matter of public interest; and this, as the Master of the Rolls said, was the only point which gave legal importance to the case.

The specialist finds the explanation of the earthquake that has terrified Glamorganshire in the geological faults of the Severn valley. Those who know the history of the district are aware that seismic revolutions have made havoc there even in historical times. There is in the county a place called Kenfig. Once it was the fairest manor in Glamorganshire, and there grew up on it a borough town. In the days of Richard II. manor and borough were buried beneath the sand. We may congratulate ourselves that things are not so bad in the twentieth century. However it would be well here for architects and mining engineers to take a leaf from the Japanese book and keep the earthquake peril in mind when they make their plans.

## THE COBDENITE APPEAL TO AUSTRALIA.

THE "appeal from [Radical] members of the Imperial Parliament to the electors of the Commonwealth of Australia" is a tactless and impertinent interference in colonial politics which will do much to prove to the colonies that free importers here know very little of the constitution of the Empire. The "sister States of the Empire" do not like interference in their affairs from the politicians of the United Kingdom, but it is quite in harmony with the character of the modern Radical that he should talk glibly about local self-government in political speeches, and in all his acts, as in the case of Chinese labour in South Africa, is eager to repeat the errors of past generations.

Throughout the fiscal movement all the self-governing colonies have been perfectly correct in the attitude they have assumed. In view of the revision of their tariffs and possible negotiations on the part of foreign countries to secure commercial advantages in colonial markets, it is of the greatest importance to the governments of the colonies that they should be fully acquainted with the feeling of the electors and fully authorised to enter into a detailed preferential arrangement within the Empire if it should prove possible. But in settling this issue the electors at the Commonwealth elections will not have to consider what effect the decision they reach may have on the position of political parties in the United Kingdom, but what would be the wisest policy for the Australian Commonwealth to adopt in the conditions with which they have to deal. That is, their decision with regard to preference is not and is not intended to be in any form a dictation of what policy the United Kingdom should adopt but of what policy the Australian Commonwealth should adopt.

The signatories to the "appeal" insult the colonies when they say that they know "that the proposal [of preference] did not come from you but from certain politicians among ourselves". This is tantamount to a declaration that the famous resolution in favour of preference which was passed at the last colonial conference was not a free expression of opinion on the part of the colonial premiers but was engineered by Mr. Chamberlain. The history of the movement for preference should have prevented them from making a statement which is as absurd as it is untrue. They go on to presume that they know what might be the modifications of the Australian tariff which the Commonwealth could offer to the United Kingdom in the event of a preferential arrangement. As these terms necessarily depend upon negotiation and upon the extent to which we could bargain for mutual advantages, it is impossible for the signatories to the appeal to know what the Australians could give us. But economic and business experts who are opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's policy are of opinion that in the event of a 2s. preferential duty, the price of wheat would not be likely to rise to the extent of the duty; even if it did, the price of bread would be affected by less than  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. for the 4-lb. loaf. According to the Board of Trade returns, variations to a much greater amount take place from week to week and month to month without any appreciable inconvenience to any section of the population. Yet our Liberal M.P.s tell one of our great self-governing colonies, full of confidence in its own future, with great natural resources, and anxious to give to the United Kingdom more than we give to them, that it is not in their power to confer upon us an advantage great enough to counterbalance this infinitesimal risk.

But this Cobdenite appeal is more interesting in the light it throws upon the present position of the Liberal party than from its relation to the Australian elections. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that 274 members of the Liberal party in the House of Commons distrust their leaders and do not believe in the theory of the mandate which they advance as an excuse for their action. If the recent general election was a final and conclusive verdict against preference, Liberal members need have no anxiety as to the attitude of the colonial representatives at the next conference. There is one thing the colonies will never try



to do and that is to force preference upon this country contrary to the wishes of the British people. If the representatives of the British Government at the conference can produce adequate evidence that the electors have decided once for all against preference, we may be certain that so far as the colonies are concerned the movement is at an end. But Liberal members know perfectly well that no such evidence is forthcoming. They know that the election was not fought on preference; they know that if Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had declared that the issue before the electorate was whether or not we should accept the offer of the colonies, they would have stood not the slightest chance of returning to power. They are afraid that the working classes, who have discovered the falsehoods that were promulgated in regard to Chinese labour, will find out that the statements circulated about the probable effect of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals on the price of food were just as false. And as the British elector is apt to resent being misled by politicians they fear that when the next appeal to the country takes place, Liberals will get their reward.

Apart from the fear of the next general election it is evident that Cobdenite Liberals are not quite easy in their minds about the effect upon the Government of the evidence which may be forthcoming at the colonial conference as to the desirability of preference. The colonies have already been informed that they may discuss preference in all its bearings. The Australian Commonwealth and New Zealand have already been invited to a preliminary conference before the main conference assembles in order to discuss "the whole question of navigation as it affects the Empire", and many able Liberals are looking out for some alternative to Mr. Chamberlain's scheme. It is not unnatural in these circumstances that genuine Cobdenites should feel a little alarmed lest they may be in a position in which they can no more resist the preferential movement than they can fulfil their pledges in regard to Chinese labour. If a Liberal Ministry is willing to re-introduce the Navigation Laws, to establish bounties, to subsidise steamships, and even to introduce import duties on luxuries in certain special cases, there is little chance that they could ultimately resist even the preferential duty on corn. Discredited by their education policy, weakened by the inevitable revolt of certain sections of their forces, unable to satisfy trade-union demands, this Government will never have the nerve to refuse preference to the colonies and appeal to the country to support them in their refusal. Therefore we may presume that between now and next April the Liberal Ministry will try by every means possible to meet the wishes of the colonies and the real needs of the Empire without any formal breach with the free trade tradition. But this attitude of mind is fatal to the maintenance of our present system and we take the "appeal" of the Liberal M.P.'s to the electors of the Australian Commonwealth to be an indication of their own fear for their future prospects.

The "appeal" of the Cobdenites is therefore far more likely to advance the cause of preference than to strengthen the position of the Government when the conference takes place. In the colonies the various Tariff Commissions have collected a vast amount of information as to the position and needs of agriculture and their various trades and industries. Whatever course we decide to adopt, it is quite impossible for the colonies to postpone indefinitely the development of their policy. This "appeal" shows that Liberal M.P.'s have no arguments with which to meet the case which the colonies, if they like, can present. Instead of a reasoned and practical exposition of the difficulties of preference, all that these Liberal M.P.'s can say to the Australian electors is: "We know we have behaved badly about Chinese labour, but for heaven's sake, help us to keep our free trade pledges. Do not tempt our leaders with seductive offers. Remember how Sir Robert Peel was returned to power to maintain the Corn Laws and immediately repealed them".

#### UNMASKING THE EDUCATION BILL.

MR. BIRRELL'S troubles, the reward of unreal professions intended to conceal most real partisanship, have grown upon him rapidly and thickly this week. Had the Bill even been a fair and an honest undenominational Bill, there would have been no need for anything in the nature of Clause 4, a hedging provision put in partly to give to the Bill a semblance of fairness, but mainly to buy off the opposition of certain political friends. This clause has been the Government's stumbling block from the beginning. Unable to ignore the exposure of the futility of the clause as at first introduced, the Government have been tinkering it and patching it up, explaining it, then explaining it away, until it has become unintelligible. It has no more lukewarm defender than Mr. Birrell himself. He apologises for it, regrets its imperfections, and pleads in its excuse hard necessity; the impossibility of being logical in this country, and the obligation to consider others besides himself. One night, apparently in despair, Mr. Birrell declared he could make a very good settlement of the educational difficulty, if he could have all his own way; but he could not. This Bill is not his child. "A poor thing" he might say "and not even mine own". And what is the result of all his elaborate concessions and qualifications? Just this: that he has not conciliated one single opponent in the House or in the country; that the Government majority sank on a critical division to a much lower point than it ever had before, and a group of the ablest non-official Liberals in the House openly spoke against the Government proposal. This is the just reward of so making concessions that they could not have the effect they professedly aimed at.

This is a Bill to establish undenominationalism. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and the Government generally say it is, and use the fact as an answer to denominational claims admitted in themselves to be perfectly rational. They are not consistent with the plan and object of the Bill: a fair and effective answer, if the Bill were true to itself. But when the Bill which is to establish undenominationalism is found to admit—on paper—denominationalism in various forms, the plea of the Bill's undenominational character ceases to have any force as a ground for refusing other denominational proposals not included in the Bill. If undenominationalism is the right thing, why make any exception at all? If on the other hand it is not always the right thing, what is the rationale of the exceptions made in the Bill in favour of denominationalism? Why is it right and beneficial to give denominational teaching to children who live in towns and not to those who live in the country? Why is denominationalism good for the children of parents who happen to be in a majority in a particular school but not good for the children of the minority? Why, again, may it be good for children in a provided school that was once denominational but never for children in a school that was always provided? Apparently the advisability of allowing denominational teaching depends wholly on external accidents and has nothing whatever to do with any virtue or vice in denominationalism itself. It is not possible to find in this Bill any intelligible principle underlying the whole—a policy there is, but not a principle. An honest attempt to establish undenominationalism could not have taken a form in any way resembling this Bill. Conceive any earnest undenominationalist proposing to exclude certain schools from local control altogether! A strange settlement that can settle only by allowing schools here and there to "contract out" of the settlement. Still less is it an attempt to treat every denomination alike; inequality and invidious differentiation are the very warp and woof of the Bill. Nor is secularism its principle.

It is only in committee, and in this week's debates, that the absence of principle in the Bill has been made absolutely clear; for on the second reading ministers could talk generally, in the air, but this week in committee Mr. Birrell has had to give reasons for his exceptions and reservations; and he has utterly failed to explain them on any principle whatever. Why were the denominational facilities allowed under Clause 4 granted to town and not to country

schools? Mr. Birrell's answer is that there is a difference between town atmosphere and country atmosphere. Most of us who do any work in London are at this time of year well aware of that; but what relevance has it to the question? No sort of reason was given why an undenominational school may be a good thing in a town but never in the country. Again, what is the principle of the selection of four-fifths as the proportion of children's parents who must vote by ballot to obtain "special facilities"? You must take some figure; it is merely a practical matter, says Mr. Birrell. He only wanted to make sure that the great majority of the parents really did wish for special religious teaching. And yet he insisted on retaining the exact figure, four-fifths, with the most peculiar pertinacity.

On no educational or religious principle can the Bill and its exceptions be explained; but there is a political explanation which makes all quite intelligible. Assume that the object was to give Nonconformists an advantage over Churchmen without giving them a similar advantage over Roman Catholics and Jews. By the Bill some seventy-five per cent. of Church schools will become provided schools and Cowper-Temple teaching will take the place of Church teaching. Thus the Nonconformists will get, and Churchmen will lose, what they want. The two days a week denominational concession is illusory, the teaching during the rest of the week being absolutely uncertain in quality and character and thus making no adequate foundation to work on. On the other hand the great exception to the Bill, Clause 4, by the limit of four-fifths and the exclusion of rural schools will reach the great majority of Roman Catholic and Jewish children but only an insignificant fraction of Church children. These anomalies, unexplainable on any educational ground, become perfectly intelligible on the political hypothesis. It was necessary to square the Roman Catholics because of the Irish members and because of the large Home Rule vote of the Irish in England. The Nonconformists have no animus against the Jews; so the Government were allowed to conciliate the Jews by virtually leaving them alone. A Bill to please the Nonconformists and injure the Church of England—there is the underlying principle. But, of course, Mr. Birrell could not avow it; hence his difficulties. He had to find an explanation for provisions whose only possible explanation he was precluded from mentioning.

It is really not worth while to go into the details of these debates: for the week has made it perfectly clear that this Bill can never lead to any settlement. The Government will do nothing to make their concessions real, and Unionists will not accept the Bill as it is. The whole matter must be referred back to the country.

#### LAW AND NATIVE RACES.

THE success of our rule in India is perhaps now more misunderstood than even in the days when Macaulay turned out his inaccurate, but still instructive, essays on Clive and Warren Hastings. We are prone to think that we hold India by force. Without force we certainly could not hold it, but as certainly we do not hold it by force. Lord Curzon showed this in his speech last Wednesday to the Hardwicke Society. If we remain in India, it is mainly because the millions who inhabit the peninsula are willing that we shall abide there. This acquiescence is due to no admiration for either our religion or our character. East is still East, and West is still West, and probably none of the conquerors of India has touched the souls of the populations that inhabit it less than we have done. Nor can we find the explanation of this strange acquiescence in the material prosperity of the country.

It is true that we have done a good deal to ease the lot of the toiling native; but we have not yet freed him from the scourge of famine, and our taxation is not to his taste. Why then, we ask, this acquiescence? Lord Curzon gives us the answer. Our system of law and jurisprudence, imperfect as it may be, is the one thing that stands between nationalities of millions of souls and anarchy; for we alone of the modern rulers of India have brought some sense of security to every dweller in the land. The excellencies of our

legal and administrative system in the peninsula may be ascribed to an enlightened view of our own self-interest. Mohammedan and Hindoo however are well aware that, as they never obtained such blessings from the governments that preceded our own, they would ex necessitate rei be unlikely to obtain them from any conceivable Hindoo or Mohammedan régime that might arise on our disappearance. Indeed the words that Macaulay wrote in the days when John Company bore sway probably in their essence represent the native Indian feeling to-day more truly than at the time when they were written.

"A hostile monarch may promise mountains of gold to our Sepoys, on condition that they will desert the standard of the Company. The Company promises only a moderate pension after a long service. But every Sepoy knows that the promise of the Company will be kept; he knows that if he lives a hundred years his rice and salt are as secure as the salary of the Governor-General; and he knows that there is not another State in India which would not, in spite of the most solemn vows, leave him to die of hunger in a ditch as soon as he had ceased to be useful. The greatest advantage which a Government can possess is to be the one trustworthy Government in the midst of Governments which nobody can trust."

The creeds and races of India to-day can trust the British Government, as they could never trust each other, so that without loving their conquerors they are willing to obey and to defend them. So our rule in India reposes on the same foundations on which the Roman Empire rested. Like its prototype it has given (in Mommsen's words) "to much-tortured nationalities a tranquil evening after a sultry day". Whether the Pax Britannica will effect more than this, whether the fact (of which Lord Curzon reminded us) that to-day the working of this great system of law is largely in the hands of the native Indians points in the remote future to an intellectual reconciliation between Eastern and Western ideas, it would be idle to speculate.

Let us assume that the establishment of an alien order and justice is our sole gift to our strange dependency, the fact itself will give us a place second only to that of Rome amid the Imperial nations of the earth. Had we not been an Imperial race, it is certain that we could never have kept India. At the same time in considering our success, let us remember that our very difficulties have in a way been our advantages. For example had the climate of India been more favourable than it is to our race and the native population less dense, the temptation to attempt colonisation would have been irresistible, and if this had been tried, the blackest phase of the Irish tragedy might have been re-enacted on a colossal scale. Supposing again that the natives of the country had been a white race professing a Christian faith of a different type from our own, we should never have troubled to understand them and so should have ridden roughshod over their prejudices, until we had excited in them an exasperation that would have blinded them to the better qualities of our rule. Fortunately for ourselves the faiths and civilisations of India were so strange to our ideas that we felt instinctively from the first that here we were face to face with a problem in the solution of which prejudice must have no place. The realisation of the problem called forth our Imperial qualities.

As we think of our success in India, we are led to wonder whether if we had always displayed the same strong desire for impartial justice between race and race, and creed, and creed, in other lands where we have borne rule history might have been different. It is certainly a singular fact that up to the date of our first Indian conquests, our Imperial history had been a record of general failure tempered only by an occasional and chequered success. Our great French dominions, despite the fact that they were in many ways better governed than the lands which owned the direct sway of the house of Capet, were irretrievably lost in the fifteenth century. Wales, centuries after its conquest by the first Edward, was so deeply hostile that no Englishman could leave the high road there except at the risk of his life. Ireland after more than seven hundred years of our rule is



still only half reconciled. Our good relations with Scotland are not much more than a century old. In America we had no policy for the natives but practical extermination, and we failed to hold in our allegiance the very colonists whom we despatched there from our shores. Our brilliant and speedy success in India renders these failures perplexing. One historical school would explain them by the word "nationality". With all our drawbacks it would tell us we had had one advantage in India which we had not in the other lands that we subdued. We had opposed to us here no strong national sentiment. We had only to keep the peace among conflicting races. This view no doubt throws a certain light on the problem. It does not however contain the whole truth, and we believe, as we have already suggested, and as the Roman precedent proves, that a conquered race can be won by a just and impartial administration. It is well to remember that when the Tudors had ended the tyranny of the Marches Lords in the Principality and given to the Welshman through the Court of Marches something of the impartial justice that we have now established in Ireland, Kymric patriotism became reconciled to English rule. Our failure in Ireland may similarly be ascribed to the fact that down to the middle of the nineteenth century we governed the country in the interest of an alien garrison, in other words, that we kept alive there a system which we abolished in Wales in the sixteenth century. In India we have never had to face a united national sentiment, but this alone would not account for the permanency of our empire. The cause lies in the fact, that here we have set ourselves not to aggrandise a caste: but to do even-handed justice in a land where before our coming such justice was unknown. In other words we hold India because we have taken the problem of Indian administration seriously.

#### A THINKING ORGANISATION.

WHENEVER Mr. Haldane gets the opportunity he goes back on a favourite text, the value of thinking, purely as such, in every department of practical affairs. He had such an opportunity once more at the opening of the electrical laboratory at Teddington, but it does not appear from his speech that he has any remarkable progress to report. By going as far back as the "Early Victorian" age he thinks he can trace some progress. The National Physical Laboratory is a sign, a portent, of the times; it is evidence that we are advancing in these matters, for a few years ago such an institution would have been impossible. But at the back of his mind there is a doubt about the people, and the constituencies, and the politicians. They do not appear to want science and thought. Such is the echo of the voice of the people and the constituencies. It is also the echo from the platforms, for Mr. Haldane thinks that "if on our platforms our prominent orators would talk a little more of what would be saved to the country by taking thought and a little less of what could not be brought about even by not taking thought, the world would be a good deal further on to-day". The fact is that so long as a man is busy, always up to the eyes in work, we look on this as a virtue in itself; and we expect good results from it, admire the man for his activity, and think he could not be better employed. But in many cases the man is simply being wasted. Pegasus is harnessed to a cart. He is doing work which any other man could do equally well; but we are indifferent because we do not recognise the value of what Mr. Haldane calls the thinking organisation. In the biography of Professor Sidgwick there is a reference to the appointment of Professor Robertson Smith to an administrative post in Oxford University. Professor Sidgwick laments that Smith, who could do what no one else could do, would be lost to the world and be crushed by the administrative machinery. Sidgwick could see, what the ordinary man rarely sees, that some men would be more valuable to society if they were paid to do nothing but think, than if they spent their lives working like slaves at what is called practical work. In the Church, for example, there are some of the Bishops, now overwhelmed with common

routine work, whom it would be the greatest economy to relieve from most of their duties and form into a college whose main function would be to take thought for the Church. At present they have little time to think about anything but a perpetual round of details which blunt the edge of the finest ability. But such is the obtuseness of the common observer that in a case, say, like the Bishop of Stepney's all his admiration is for the Bishop's drudgery; and by the amount of it he tests the Bishop's worth and his value to the Church. He carries this feeling so far that he even thinks anything which lessens the drudgery, as substituting a private carriage for public vehicles, would lessen the merit of the Bishop as a model worker.

Mr. Haldane seems to affect more confidence than he really feels that "the people and the constituencies" are learning to see more clearly that thought is worth encouraging as a matter of business. It is noticeable that in speaking of his ideal state he has in view not a popular government but "a ruler". He excludes Plato's government of philosophers; but it does not occur to him to make his ideal state a democracy to take the organising of thought in hand. Why not? He evidently is afraid that under modern conditions, where "the ruler" recedes more and more into the background, and "the people and constituencies" come to the front, the ideal state for his purpose is less likely to be met with. Every nation must comfort itself with the reflection furnished by Mr. Haldane himself, that there is very little thought taken for the morrow in the government of any nation. In all there is an infinite amount of avoidable friction, an enormous quantity of waste which would have been avoided had there been only the thinking organisation, plain principles not hurriedly to be departed from, at the root of policy. But what is the process by which we are to get this? As far as we can gather the only hope lies in the spread of the scientific spirit which we can hardly expect to see spring up in direct connexion with politics. That is little likely to be the training-ground. In spite of our having had at least three Prime Ministers who in the domain of finance possessed the scientific mind we must only look to statesmen on the whole as experts in the business of managing men, and this is an art not a science. Whatever the management is directed to, Mr. Haldane leaves us to infer that something else than the organisation of thought, as he would have it in the ideal state, will be their object. We can only say that we shall not grow into a due appreciation of the value of thought in all kinds of affairs by arranging for the organisation of thought as if we were setting up an electrical laboratory. The appreciation of the value of thought must come first and the organisation will follow as a natural result. Mr. Haldane finds his example of what can be done and is likely to be done in the growth of appreciation for science and its consequent organisation; and to it he looks for an example which will be copied in other directions. What it has done for some nations, Germany being Mr. Haldane's favourite reference, is most easily seen; and it brings home the needed lesson of the practical value of thought in general to the many who have failed to realise it.

In the meantime the material rewards of life seem to be distributed, as we might expect, without any relation to the essential value of the work done, reckoned in terms of thought. Mr. Haldane constructs a scale in which we have the great artists first in place who "lie midway between the passing moment and the eternities". Their influence remains for all time and is imperishable. Next we have the greatest men of science. Their work, however great, is superseded and taken up in the work of hundreds of lesser men. Last we have the practical man, of whom the statesman is the best example, whose work is of an evanescent character, who accomplishes what relates only to the moment or the needs of the moment. If we construct a scale of rewards we shall have to reverse this order and put the practical man first, the scientific man second, and the artist last. To a considerable extent this is also the order of nature; but leaving the possible Homers, or Dantes, or Shakespeares, Mr. Haldane's examples of the artist, out of account, the rewards fall to the practical man in undue proportion. His value in the

scheme of things is over-estimated as compared with the man whose province is the discovery of the knowledge which must inform and direct all the operations of the practical man if they are to be effective. Yet the man of thought cannot live by his thinking; and we have to devise all kinds of work which looks practical in order that he may have some excuse for his existence: generally we give him some post of which the pay will just keep him alive. And we then think of his hack work as his more important duty. While we can hardly affect the supply of the great artists, we might do a good deal to affect the relative supply of the two other classes. The brains of the country are very unequally distributed amongst the various avocations. Much intellect now devoted to the pursuits which deal only with "the moment or the needs of the moment", because the rewards are greater, might be diverted, following Mr. Haldane's ideal, to the organisation of knowledge for the good of the world's industry and the world's government. We have not yet found out the way of doing this. The rare men in art and in science have sufficient incentive in their own genius. We shall have them in any case, and they can do without our appreciation. As Ruskin said, the very best work the world has had has not been paid at all. Other men will turn towards the rewards of honour or wealth, or the reputation, transitory but pleasant, which their country offers them for their services. If we want them for thought we can obtain them at a price; but we must first learn to appreciate values better than we do at present.

#### THE CITY.

ACCORDING to some of the oldest members of the Stock Exchange, the general stagnation of business during the past week has been without parallel in times which may be considered normal so far as outward appearances count. Members have asked each other what it all means as there has been nothing tangible to explain the steady sagging away of prices in the stocks which should—according to past experience—have shown improvement on a reduction in the bank rate and easier money conditions generally. A miserable £10,000 to £20,000 of Consols on offer has had an effect in quotations which would have been considered ridiculous a short while ago. Whenever a jobber has made a price he has been—in the language of the House—"landed" with the stock without a chance of undoing the bargain except at a loss as prices have invariably dropped steadily. Towards the close of the week a somewhat better tone has prevailed, but we doubt if any one in the Consol market can regard his book with any degree of satisfaction in so far as the week's operations are concerned. The change in the position of the insurance companies has of course continued to be an adverse influence, as several companies have still to realise to meet the losses arising from the San Francisco disaster, and those who may not have to sell securities are compelled to set aside cash resources which would otherwise have found employment in the finer securities. A further, and probably more potent, influence has been the break in South African mining securities, which have fallen heavily, dislodging many speculators who have until now managed to weather the storm. If our information is correct there have been, in addition, large sales of stocks on account of genuine holders who have become quite tired of hoping for better times and are instead only confronted with an increasing list of companies which announce that they are compelled to pass their dividends. It is quite unlikely that these investors will return to the market and in the present temper of the public it is difficult to see where fresh investors to replace them are to come from. We imagine that those politicians who still continue to agitate against Chinese labour, whilst with the same breath asserting that the people of the Transvaal should decide the question for themselves, do not trouble to reflect that by their action they are depreciating the capital of many thousands of worthy investors who have never held a mining share and are not likely to do so. It is however perfectly true

that many of the greatest sufferers are the most innocent. In connexion with South African affairs and quite apart from the mining industry there is an improvement in one direction which is distinctly encouraging. For the first time for some years past the Finance Minister of the Cape Colony is able to report that the commercial outlook is reassuring, thanks in a large measure to the excellent rains which have fallen throughout the country and the high price ruling for wool. The strain on the merchants at the ports has been very severe and many have, unfortunately, been compelled to surrender their estates but the crisis is now over, it is believed, and as they have surmounted their difficulties during a period when their best customer—the Transvaal—has been at its worst, it is a happy augury for the future when, it may be hoped, the Transvaal will also see better times. Two of the most important industrial concerns operating throughout South Africa are the South African Breweries and Ohlsson's Cape Breweries, in both of which the capital stock is chiefly held by English investors. These companies have now issued their annual report and both these documents bear evidence of the severe depression which the companies have had to contend against. In both instances there has been a reduction in dividends for the year, although the South African Breweries Co. has been more fortunate than its rival. The first-named declared 20 per cent. as against 22 per cent. last year, whilst Ohlsson's are compelled to reduce the dividend to 22½ per cent. as against 40 per cent. a year ago. It is of course inevitable that in times such as South Africa is passing through, a certain number of bad debts should be made and probably in many cases it has been found good policy to reduce rents of houses to enable the lessee to continue rather than have property standing idle. But after making due allowance for these items we suspect that the rivalry which exists between the companies is largely responsible for heavier working expenses than necessary, whilst it also entails capital outlay which could be avoided to the advantage of the shareholders of both companies. We believe that a great opportunity exists for a mutual working arrangement to be arrived at between the two companies whereby administrative economies may be effected. The directorate of both institutions are sound business men and the shareholders are mainly resident in this country, whilst, unlike a large number of South African concerns, the general meetings are held in London. We venture to think that it would not be difficult to formulate a scheme for the delimitation of spheres of influence which would be to the advantage of all concerned and we commend the suggestion to some of the active shareholders of both companies.

The reports from the United States are not reassuring as to the course of the market in railroad securities, as it is stated that the public are quite apathetic and that the money outlook is not satisfactory. At this time of the year it is usual to expect contradictory rumours as to crop prospects which have an unsettling effect on quotations, but it is evident that there is a large demand for capital requirements which—prosperous as the country is—must be sought for in Europe. In the result there is constant offering of quite high-grade bonds and short-term equipment notes in London on behalf of some of the best American railroad companies, which are prepared to pay as much as 5½ per cent. for money on notes running for ten years with 10 per cent. of the total loan maturing every year. This form of investment is not very familiar to the average English investor, but the security is quite satisfactory and there is no reason—apart from the comparative novelty—why the investor should not take advantage of the high rate of interest. Meanwhile and until the heavy emissions of bonds which are taking place in the States find a permanent resting-place with the investor, the incubus on the market will remain and the speculative stocks should be left alone to find their own level.

A security which is not well known apparently and which deserves attention from investors who are in a position to make a permanent investment certain to improve in value is the Preference stock of the Bahia Blanca Railway. This company has been



leased by the Buenos Ayres Pacific Railway Company—one of the most prosperous of the South American railways—and the interest on the Preference stock is guaranteed on a rising scale. For five years from 1904, the interest runs at 3 per cent., for the next four years at 3½ per cent., and for the next four years at 4 per cent., thereafter at 4½ per cent. A 4½ per cent. perpetual stock guaranteed by the Buenos Ayres Pacific should certainly command 107 as the interest charge which is in the form of a rental would constitute part of the operating expenses of the Buenos Ayres Pacific and therefore come before the debenture interest. The Buenos Ayres Pacific 4½ per cent. debentures are quoted at 104-6 cum dividend and the 5 per cent. Preference at 118-120. The Bahia Blanca Preference is quoted 86. Any person buying now would therefore receive £39 in interest on every £100 stock by the time the guarantee of 4½ per cent. begins to operate. To this interest of £39 must be added the assumed increase in capital value of £21 (£107 minus £86) making £60 in all, thus giving a yield for the whole term of eleven years of 5½ per cent. Of course the investment could only be considered by those who are not likely to require to disturb their security for eleven years. To those who are in a position to purchase on these conditions it is well worth attention, for it is just one of those securities the merit of which cannot be appreciated at a casual glance.

#### INSURANCE ESTIMATES AND RESULTS.

IN the choice of a life assurance policy so much depends upon the probable additions by bonuses that it is important to consider the best indication of future bonus prospects. In order to make a fair comparison between different companies it is an excellent plan to adopt the method introduced by Mr. Monilaws in his *Surplus Funds* and see the sum assured, with the addition of bonuses, for an annual premium of £10 a year. In this way we surmount the difficulties caused by varying rates of premium. If the premiums are high the bonuses ought to be large and if the premiums are low small bonuses are to be expected. It may be worth while to take a small bonus in consideration of a low premium or to pay a high premium for the sake of a large bonus.

In calculating the sum assured for £10 a year we have to decide whether we will assume that bonuses will be continued at the same rate as at the last declaration or whether the average bonuses which have prevailed for the past twenty or thirty years will continue in the future. There are many companies which give such uniform bonus results that these two methods are equivalent. The Liverpool, London and Globe and the Scottish Widows Fund, for instance, have both maintained a high rate of bonus unaltered for at least thirty years. In other cases a steady improvement has taken place in financial standing and bonus prospects, and there is every probability that the improvement will be maintained. The recent bonuses given by the Pelican, for instance, show a considerable advance upon those declared some years back, and there is every indication that the present rate will be maintained. A policyholder would be misled if he reckoned that the results after thirty years under a policy taken out now would amount to only the same sum as a policy effected thirty years ago assures at present.

On the other hand there are many companies which have steadily reduced their rate of bonus and are now in a financial position which shows little prospect of future improvement. If a policyholder anticipated that past experience would be repeated in the future he would be misled into the purchase of an inferior policy. On the whole, therefore, it seems to us that the best criterion as to future bonuses is to be found in the rate declared at the most recent valuation and to calculate the future results under the policy upon this basis. In saying this we recognise that there are sometimes exceptional circumstances which may make it necessary to consider the last two, or perhaps three, bonus declarations instead of only the most recent one. If a company has strengthened its reserves instead of

declaring a bonus, as the Standard has done recently, it would be absurd to suppose that no bonuses will be declared in the future. Even if a company has only decreased its bonus in order to value on a stronger basis and thus increase its sources of surplus, the last valuation only would scarcely be a correct test. Such cases as these, however, are of comparatively little importance to intending policyholders, since such companies are seldom likely to give such good results as offices which have already accumulated strong reserves.

So much harm has been done by companies quoting estimates of future profits, more especially on tontine policies under which the profits are deferred for many years that respectable companies rather hesitate to allow their agents even to appear to estimate future results. It seems to us, however, that no harm can be done by a clear statement of what the policies will amount to on the supposition that the present rate of bonus will be continued. There are many companies which will not repeat the results of the past thirty years, and to sell policies on the supposition that they will do so is apt to mislead. There are scarcely any offices with recent bonuses in excess of previous ones, which are not fairly likely to continue the present rate. Finally, there are a few companies with a steadily falling rate of bonus, which will neither repeat their former experience nor continue their present rate of bonus. These latter companies are the only ones in regard to which policyholders are likely to be misled by reckoning that the present rate of bonus will continue and they will be still more out in their calculations if they judge the future of these companies by their past results. Unless, therefore, the conditions prevailing at the most recent valuation are of an exceptional nature, the current rate of bonus must be regarded as the best indication of future results. It seems to us that life offices are quite justified in publishing statements as to the sums assured under their policies on the basis of the present rate of bonus but scarcely justified in quoting past experience unless it is inferior to present results.

#### VESTIGIA ROMANA.

HOW few travellers go out with any purpose in their souls. To read their books, one would imagine that the world was nothing but one vast preserve of noble beasts, for them to shoot down, cowardly and safe, with vile saltpetre, that is if smokeless powder is composed of the same stuff as that which Hotspur did not like. True there are some who see the world, but as a space set here and there with good hotels, and fill their books with lists of them, commenting here and there upon their cuisine or their bills. Then comes the man who sees in every country nothing but a dumping ground for goods of various sorts and packs his columns thick with tables drawn from the consular reports. Some few discourse on art, some on religion, but seldom any of them go out deliberately to look upon a country and its inhabitants, politically and philosophically, as Mr. Belloc does.\* One fancies one can hear him say, "Yes, art is very well; but pagan; and for religion I have of course 'the Faith,'" none other can be genuine; business is bourgeois, but politics and sweet philosophy these are the subjects which enthrall a man when all the rest grows stale.

This attitude of mind, and with the attribute of style, both with the pencil and the pen, much observation and as much prejudice at least as any other man, ensured a book as readable as in its point of view it is original, as it has been my luck to read for many a long day. Things which are obvious as a spavined horse, when you once see them, but which you easily might pass your life without perceiving for yourself, he makes as clear as noon-day, with his half Gallic, half Britannic quill, so that you bang yourself about the head for sheer vexation at your lack of observation and then fall to and bless the writer who has cleared your eyes.

Everyone knows of course that Tunis and Algeria were Roman provinces, and yet how few, when they

\* "Esto Perpetua: Algerian Studies and Impressions." By Hilaire Belloc M.P. London: Duckworth. 1906. 5s. net.

first land and find themselves amongst an Arab population, will pause to think that the Arabs are mere conquerors, as are the French, and that a race which looked on Gauls and Arabs but as outside barbarians, once possessed the land. Since Thackeray went out a-rhyming and a-sketching, few writers have done better with the pencil than Mr. Belloc, for in his little sketches he contrives to give an air of realism, which no photograph conveys. The tail-piece at the conclusion of the book somehow brings home the desert to one, ten times better than many more ambitious works, and the description with the pen is fifty times more graphic than if it were adorned with all the adjectives ever imagined in the garden of Alláh.

A pilgrimage to Timgad by a modern Roman is a new idea, and in these days of dreary books of travel, of monstrous length and all adorned with hideous photographs, looking each one exactly like the other, all those who like to read of travel but find the books about their subject quite impossible to read, should welcome this brief chronicle with joy. A member of the British House of Commons, who goes afoot, or benefits by lifts upon the road from wandering Arab farmers, and who takes his passage on a Spanish sailing ship, bringing his own provisions, and sitting, as I make the matter out, by the fore-bitts all night, is almost sure to write an interesting book. All that he has to do is to set down all that he sees and hears from his own point of view. In fact, he has to do that which all travellers should do, but usually omit, for they quite often start with a preconceived idea of manners and of men, and have the point of view of the most foolish of the greatest number of the fools. Our author evidently, qua style, owes much to Borrow, having been imbued with him, intentionally or unintentionally as doctors may decide. Some of his sentences (though all his own) follow his prototype so closely that they might easily be taken from his book, and used descriptively say in "Wild Wales" or in the diary of the strange adventures that befell the gypsy gentleman when he sold Bibles in his wanderings through Spain. True one was a true blue and fervent Protestant thinking the Devil and the Pope were twins. The other just as true, as blue and fervent in the faith of Rome, which by the way he styles "the Faith", as if the Coptic Christians and the Greeks, with all the Anglicans, the Wesleyans, Nestorians, Baptists, Presbyterians and the rest, were quite outside the pale.

The theory of the reconquest of the Roman provinces of Africa under the ægis of the French is interesting and well worked out, and had the Conference of Algéiras not been held, might have been feasible, but now of course is doomed. In all our literature, few better sketches of the French are to be found than that in which the writer puts them before us, with all the insight of a man sprung from two races and with a double outlook on the world: frequently it occurs in people of mixed blood that one side of the house obscures the other, but in the present case it seems as if complete equality existed, and that the faults of both the races were patent to his eyes. To make all things complete he handles England and the English race (under the style and title of the Carthaginians) quite as roundly as he does the French, and yet he is not blind to the good qualities either of Saxon or of Gaul.

Timgad in all her desolation, a town in which the lizards form the only traffic in the streets, affords him scope for a fine piece of moralising, and for a Parthian arrow (shot from a Roman bow) at the wild shiftless Arab, and the blight his presence brings on cultivated lands. We here in England have wandered far from all the classical. The art of Greece, its literature, the laws and polity of Rome, their "reasonable" speech (the adjective is Mr. Belloc's, and most apt) appeal but little to us, and their conciseness jars on nerves and seems like pedantry. It may be that in straying we have gone too far afield, and that a book, written concisely (such as are these "Impressions") may help us to remember that the papyrus still shoots up, fresh, strong, and green, in the clear waters of the fountain in which Arethusa bathed and in the Anapo. The author says the language of old Rome can never die, and that the preservation of her faith is the world's standing all-

sustaining grace. Into these mysteries the profane are barred from penetrating, but one thing certainly they can affirm, that if the English language is to be preserved, that grace of style is the first requisite, and that the writer of this book has in abundance, and in his person he has done his share to make it live.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

#### HIS NEIGHBOUR'S LANDMARK.

IT has been said that history can never be impartially written, since the historian will, ex hypothesi, start with a prejudice in favour of civilisation. That the black man should banish the lion, and be in his turn kicked out by the white man, is, and, for him, is right. He begs, and is compelled to beg, the question.

Of course lovers of paradox have taken the other side, and have made out a sort of a case. Bayle makes it a serious question, discussed in a set dissertation, "whether civil society be absolutely necessary for the preservation of mankind" and very gravely resolves it in the negative. In the preface to that long irony "A Vindication of Natural Society" Burke seems to admit that he could have made out a better case than he did, excusing himself for not doing so by saying "the writers against Religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own". As a rule, however, the railer at accepted truths makes a sad hash of it, dat inania verba, dat sine mente sonum. But a man, if he mutely and unresistingly accept "Progress", "March of Intellect", and what not, should not be called upon to approve of them against his own opinion. Burke, in the same preface, asks "What would become of the world if the practice of all moral duties, and the foundations of society, rested upon having their reasons made clear and demonstrative to every individual?" One complaint such a man makes, and is we think justified in making, is that it is expected of him that he shall greet all "improvement" with acclamation, that he shall, on pain of ostracism, admit that the reasons for it seem to him "clear and demonstrative".

And, pretty often the reasons seem dim and doubtful, and the improvement a change for the worse. He sympathises with the infant Macaulay when the housemaid swept away his oyster shells, and joins in the solemn commination, "Cursed be Sally. For it is written 'Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark'". The curse was laid no doubt not so much on the removal of the mark as on the subsequent claim to the territory, upon claim-jumping in short. But man is so weak that the very marks become objects of his attachment, and he hates to see them rooted out.

We do not here allude to the possessor of a snug sinecure, who sees himself, pro bono publico, abolished. The axe has been laid to the foot of the sinecure tree so long that he is supposed not to exist. The body politic, like the Auld Kirk o' Glasgow, "stands as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kaimed aff her, and a'boddy is alike pleased". So, at least, they tell us. It is unlikely that the sinecurist was pleased, but no doubt he had to pretend that he was. When the day comes, as it seems coming, that a graduated income-tax will direfully diminish the modest products of "unearned increment", some of us, to be consistent, will have to simulate glee. And it will be "a large order". But the landmarks, of the removal of which we complain, are not as a rule of a kind really important to our well-being. Rather they are sentiments, old associations, which are ruthlessly destroyed by the horrid leveller progress.

Perhaps they are literal landmarks which have to go, the old church or the old tree. They have to go—granted. The high-backed pews were unsightly, and architects were driven to semi-lunacy by the galleries, and the organ placed where it ought not to be: no doubt your restoration is an improvement—for you. But they were landmarks to us, and it is too much, it is a seething of the kid in its mother's milk, to expect us to give you thanks for removing them. It is you that should give thanks if we abstain from cursing. A proposal was made the other day for the cutting



down of hedges at cross-road corners, so that motorists might avoid collision, by being able to see each other (and police traps) afar off. Now this will doubtless be an improvement. If it does nothing else it may perhaps make the roadhog cease from tooting. But how the roads will be spoilt! It is these ragged hedges run out of all shape, with old decaying oaks, swaddled in ivy cables, hanging over them that make half the beauty of English lanes. It is not given to everyone to perceive the beauty of utility. Except to those for whom "there is money in it", high farming is not ornamental. When all the trees which may overshadow the crops, or burn the soil beneath them, are gone, and the hedges are replaced by strands of barbed wire strained to iron standards, the crops may do better, and—we hope they will pay for production.

Scattered through the country are many oaks mentioned as marks in "Domesday Book", so that they must, even then, have been sizeable trees. They are now quite useless, mere shells for the most part. No shipbuilder would give three halfcrowns for their timber. Some of them may even be dangerous to life and limb in high gales. But we shall grieve when they go. We have lived to see the almost total extinction of windmills, at all events in the south of England, and we have had a great loss in them. What a finish they gave to a landscape! The water-mills are going, almost gone. Is it our fault that we cannot admire the new steam-mills, bare brick jails with their short-breathed engines snorting within them? Rather, it is our great misfortune.

The march of intellect tramples down many flowers of literature for which we feel an affection. Very likely they were wild flowers, weeds. "No matter for that", King Henry said, "I love him the better therefore". Culture holds them very cheap and has a perfect right so to do, if only it will abstain from insisting on our audible assent to its appraisal. Not so very many years ago Martin Tupper was in vogue. One saw the "Proverbial Philosophy" on many tables. Where is that wisdom now? It is not, as far as our observation goes, in evidence even on book-stalls. It has sunk below the fourpenny box. "It too", we suppose, "wraps sprats and butter-pats". But it must have supplied a known want, or it could not have been so popular. In a story of Miss Harraden's, the cultured hero looks through the uncultured's library. "Hieronymus groaned over Mrs. Hemans' poetry and Locke's 'Human Understanding' and Defoe's 'History of the Plague' and Cowper and Hannah More." He smiled "a faint smile of cheerfulness" over Milton (very kind of him). But "he patted David on the shoulder when he found 'Selections from Browning' and he almost caressed him when he discovered 'Silas Marner'". Now this is too often the attitude of culture. It is not content with its own superior knowledge, but insists upon taking others with it, willy-nilly. Hieronymus seems to have been a universal despiser of the old. Mrs. Hemans is pretty-pretty; but there are worse things than pretty-pretty. And, to use an Americanism, "What's the matter with Cowper?" Nay, What's the matter with Hannah More? "Cœlebs" is truly comic. Granting however that they were not for Hieronymus, why should he have objected to them for David? If a leader expects his men not to follow, but to keep up with him, how shall we know him from the rank and file?

There is a curious instance of a removal of landmarks in Trollope's Autobiography. He heard at the Athenæum two members discussing Mrs. Proudie and voting her a bore. Discovering himself, he said, "Gentlemen! if you are sick of her, I will kill her"! Not only did he say so, but he absolutely went and did it in the next number. It goes without saying that he did it exceedingly well and, we think, with the happiest results for his story. But by what right could such a demand be made? Why should two Literati, mere bishops or Athenæum bigwigs of sorts, eclipse the gaiety of nations? How could they know but that Mrs. Proudie was a delight to thousands? How could they not know that she was? The curse may be spared, since they were ignorant that the author "lay low" in a club armchair. But it was a bad thing to do, almost an atrocity.

Old customs too fall at every stride of progress beneath the scythe. It is rumoured for instance that the Biddenden cake is to be abolished. As very few, except in the immediate neighbourhood, have ever heard of it, its loss will not greatly affect the world. We shall, doubtless, bear up. It was left however by two sisters, who were unfortunate enough to be Siamese twins or a Double-headed Nightingale, to be given, as a sort of memorial of them, to all strangers attending church at Biddenden on Easter Sunday. It is a flat tablet of dough with a hideous bas-relief on it of the two poor ladies, joined at shoulder and hip. The "Daily Telegraph's" young man remarked in 1895 "They are very durable, and may be kept as curiosities for twenty years. It would take the same time to digest them if eaten". It must be admitted that the cake is an uncomely confection. But as nobody does eat it, it has done no harm. Why abolish it? It is a landmark, if only to the villagers. How dare remove it?

#### IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF JOHN RAY.

IN the early summer of 1662 John Ray, accompanied by Francis Willughby, made an expedition into Wales to collect rare plants, and to note facts in natural history. An account of this "itinerary" or "simpling journey" has been preserved in the form of a diary. It is a fascinating task to follow in the footsteps of these two early naturalists, and to note the changes which have passed over the Fauna and Flora in two hundred and fifty years. The comparison is the more interesting because in many instances the plants found by Ray were now recorded for the first time as belonging to the Flora of Great Britain. Moreover the observations on birds, especially on those which bred and still breed in countless numbers on some of the islands lying off the coast of Wales, make part of the original material of the famous work on ornithology, which after the untimely death of Francis Willughby was published by his companion and fellow-naturalist. So with the "History of Fishes", also arranged by Ray after his friend's death, much information was obtained on this expedition, especially at Tenby "near which town great variety of fish is taken".

On the journey down the Welsh coast many rare and interesting plants were collected. In several places the sea-cudweed or cottonweed was met with, an "elegant plant", as Ray rightly says, thickly clothed with felted grey wool, and carrying dense corymbs of yellow flowers, now nearly extinct in Great Britain, but in the seventeenth century to be found in many spots. The sea-stock, which Ray calls the "great sea-stock gillyflower with a sinuated leaf", was also found, and the beautiful Welsh poppy "near the upper end of Llanberis pool"; while in several places he notes the lovely vernal squill, one of the choicest of our native plants, as "growing in great plenty". On Prestholm Island and on the Isle of Bardsey, "a pretty little spot rented for £50 per annum", many wildfowl were breeding, including puffins, razorbills, cormorants, two kinds of seagulls, and sea-pies or oyster-catchers. Still moving southwards "a poor village called Fishgard" is reached, where our travellers are "put to it for a lodging". Thence they proceeded to S. David's, viewing with much interest "the old Cathedral, with its divers ancient monuments, and the handsome chapel of Bishop Vaughan's"; while at S. David's Head, near the "stone called the shaking stone", the vernal squill is again met with, and on many rocks the rare sea-spleenwort fern is found. Leaving S. David's, the two naturalists rode to Haverford West, where they lay on Sunday, passing by Ramsey Island, so called, says Ray, from ramsons plentifully growing there. Thence to Pembroke, and the same day to "S. Gobin's Well, by the sea-side, where, under the cliff, stands a little chapel sacred to that saint, and a little below it a well famous for the cure of all diseases. There is", says Ray, "from the top of the cliff to the chapel a descent of fifty-two steps". Leaving the magnificent coast scenery in the neighbourhood of S. Gavan's Head, our travellers proceeded to Tenby, "a place strongly

situate, and well-walled, and having a very pretty safe harbour made by an artificial pier of stone".

At Tenby Willughby was able to examine a large "variety of fish", of which Ray gives a list of some fifty species as taken near the town. During their sojourn the two passed over to Caldy Island, which lies about two miles distant from Tenby harbour, and were civilly received by Mr. Williams, the owner. This visit to Caldy is of interest, not only for the early monastic traditions associated with this island of the saints, but also for the entries which Ray made in his journal. Besides several items on the archæology of the place, and the number of birds breeding on the magnificent cliffs, he gives a list of the rarer plants he noticed growing there. Among the species specially mentioned in this botanical entry of the year 1662 are the tree-mallow, which Ray saw "in great plenty on the rocks, the golden samphire, the vernal squill, the sea-spleenwort, and a kind of *Tithymalus*". The tree-mallow is a rare and noble plant, often attaining a height of six feet and more, with a woody stem, and soft downy leaves, and abundance of purple flowers. It is a seaside plant, found only on rocky coasts in a few localities, and was far commoner in former days than now; indeed in many of its old haunts it has become entirely extinct. But there, on "the rocks of Caldy Island" we saw it growing as luxuriantly this summer as when Ray saw it in the first week of June 244 seasons ago. Great shrubs of it were perched in inaccessible positions on the face of the almost perpendicular cliffs in defiance of wind and storm. In company with it, also growing on the rocks, might be seen in abundance the golden samphire. Owing, no doubt, to the exposed situation, it was more stunted than it is in the salt marshes of Essex and elsewhere. The "kind of *Tithymalus*" which Ray noticed on the island was almost certainly the Portland spurge, a small and uncommon species, found only near the sea, and at once distinguished by its bushy habit, and by the red hue of its stem and lower leaves. This conspicuous little plant is now abundant in Priory Bay; it is scattered, in company with the Burnet-rose, the blue fleabane, and the dwarf centaury, all over the sandy turf which stretches on each side of the ancient track which leads up to the old Benedictine monastery. Ray mentions this "abbey or priory", the buildings of which have been recently restored and which present features of unusual interest. There is the little cloister-garth, only 27 feet square, and around it, in the usual order, the chapel, the gatehouse, the refectory, and the kitchen; while overhead runs the dormitory with the Prior's chamber opening out of it. In the little chapel, restored to its ancient use by the owner of the island, an almost unique example of a fifteenth-century reliquary is preserved. The story of its recovery is romantic. In the early part of the last century the "King of Caldy" was engaged one morning in hunting a wild cat on the broken ground above the cliff where the wild mallow grows. The creature took refuge in a fissure of the rock, and in digging it out the little alabaster reliquary was unearthed, having doubtless been hidden in the crevice by the monks when the monastery was dissolved in the days of Henry VIII. It is in the form of a tomb, with a recumbent effigy on the top, and at the time of discovery had much colour remaining on its surface. Little thought Ray and Willughby, as they stood upon the cliff and admired the golden samphire, of the price-less relic which lay within a few feet of where they were standing.

At low water the two naturalists made their way over the jagged reef to the sister islet of S. Margaret's, on which stand the ruins of a small chapel. The island is uninhabited, except by sea-fowl—"puits and gulls and sea-swallows"—whose nests, says Ray—and his description still holds good—"lie so thick that a man can scarce walk but he must needs set his foot upon them". This lonely rock is pierced by caverns of great beauty, and in these caverns may still be seen, as in the seventeenth century, the rare and beautiful fern, *Asplenium marinum*, the sea-spleenwort. The turf above is studded in early summer with the sky-blue flowers of the vernal squill. No British plant, it has been said, confers a greater grace on its haunts than this. Its

only fault is that it remains in blossom so short a time. But it was in all its glory when Ray and Willughby stood beside the ruins of the ancient chapel, and listened to the weird cries of the sea-fowl breeding on the rocks below.

The neighbourhood of Tenby is indeed a rich hunting-ground to the botanist. Ray only notes a few of the rarer species: many uncommon plants characteristic of the neighbourhood are passed over in silence. It is strange, for instance, that he does not mention the dwarf Burnet-rose, or pimpernel-rose as he calls it elsewhere, which covers the sandy burrows of the South Pembrokeshire coast. At the time when Ray visited Caldy it was in full flower, and its beautiful pink and white blossoms lay scattered in profusion over the springy turf. On the lofty headland of Giltar, opposite S. Margaret's Isle, it is abundant, together with other choice species. The Caldy rarities are all there, and in addition the lesser-meadow-rue, with its delicately cut leaves and conspicuously yellow stamens, may be found, and on one spot the wild asparagus. Ray found this rare plant a few years later at the Lizard, where it still grows in abundance on a small island known as Asparagus Island. On the rocks of Tenby, in company with the tree-mallow, and a rare form of sea-lavender, will be seen large and luxuriant bushes of the wild sea-cabbage, the origin of our garden varieties. This plant, which makes a fine show with its conspicuous yellow flowers in early summer, may be regarded as a native of South Wales. It was in bloom when Ray visited "the well-walled town", but he does not mention it among his notable discoveries.

One most interesting and characteristic plant which Ray met with in several places on the shores of Wales we have sought in vain. Until recent times the great sea-stock with a sinuated leaf and deep purple flowers might be found on the sandy coast between Tenby and Giltar Head, and there is a specimen from that part in the British Museum, gathered forty years ago. Since then the plant has not been seen. It is one of the most interesting in Wales; and, although unrecorded of late years, is still doubtless flourishing in some secluded nook or sandy bay along the magnificent coast of South Pembrokeshire.

#### SSADKO AND THE WATER TSAR.

IT is true that Ssadjko was nothing but a poor gouzli player. But who in all Holy Russia played as he did? When the rich men and merchants of bright, glorious Növgorod bid him to their feasting, he made all their hearts merry with his music. Yet it once happened that the merchants neglected during three whole days to call for Ssadjko. This could but trouble him sadly. He had never a kopëk of his own, and gouzli in hand he wandered cold and hungry. Thus he came to the shores of Lake Ilmen, and there seating himself upon a great grey-blue stone, he played and played, until the red sun had set over the waters. The night fell, and the waves of the lake lashed each other fierce and angry. Ssadjko scarce dared move, in his terror of the gloom and darkness, and on he played, that his music might bear him company in the chill night wind. Suddenly, by the water's edge, quite close to him, who should he perceive but the Water Tsar himself? "Best thanks for thy music, good Ssadjko", began the Water Tsar; "many guests have this eve supped with me in my banqueting halls beneath the lake. Thy playing has well pleased us. How shall I best pay thee?" Then Ssadjko boldly related his plight.

"Ah", replied the Water Tsar. "Return to bright, glorious Növgorod. To-morrow thou shalt once more be bidden to a feast; and when the merchants have eaten and are full of drink they will start boasting and bragging. The wisest will boast of their aged fathers, but the young fools will brag of their silly wives. Thou too shalt drink and brag. 'My father is dead', shalt thou answer; 'and no wife is mine, but in Lake Ilmen I can catch what no eyes of merchant have yet seen. Yes, I can catch fish with golden fins'. At this, they will all laugh, but brag on thou,

\* Tsar Vodyanoj.



and boast of thy fish with golden fins; and wager thy poor tipsy head for their precious wares in the fat snug bazaars of Nòvgorod. Then make thee a silken net. Cast it thrice into the shining waters of the lake, and take fish with golden fins. So shalt thou win their treasure." With that the Water Tsar was gone, but when Ssadbò was in the town again, the merchants were already asking for him. The feast that day was grand and notable, and, having eaten and drunk, the guests set to boasting and bragging, first of this and then of that. Ssadbò said never a word. "Poor gouzli player", sang out a merry merchant, "how silent he sits! And indeed what could he have to boast of?"

For a moment Ssadbò plucked the strings of his gouzli. Then came his answer: "I have no golden treasure, my father is long since dead, and where in wide Holy Russia shall I find me a gentle young wife, with a soft, sweet mouth to kiss? Yet one thing I have, which ye all lack. I have fish, many fish, countless fish in Lake Ilmen, and each has its golden fins." At this there was loud laughter and jeering. But once more Ssadbò clutched his gouzli, and whether he would or no, the sounds came forth wild and strange like the rush of the waves to the shore of Lake Ilmen. At once there was much quarrelling and contending amongst the guests. Still Ssadbò played on till it came to the wagering, and his poor tipsy head was all that he could bid for the wares of six rich merchants. But when the net was really cast into the lake, and drawn up full of golden-finned fish, then the mighty ones perceived that nothing further was to be done, and they bragged no more. In this way Ssadbò became a trader himself, even to far-off cities of Russia.<sup>1</sup> He married a fair, obedient wife, and built himself a fine house, with ovens, baths and cellars, and at feasting and bragging there was no one to beat him. "Hey, you merchants of Nòvgorod", was his big boast, "my riches are endless. I could buy up everything in the city, good and bad, so that nothing remains". "Done", cried the two richest merchant rulers, Lookà Zinaviòv and Thoma Nazariòv.

Then Ssadbò staked 30,000 gold pieces for his wager, and each day he bought and bought. But merchant rulers are cunning wily men, and as fast as Ssadbò bought, even faster were fresh stores of choice goods and wares hastened from Moscow to Nòvgorod. Ssadbò reflected quietly and soberly. "Even if I buy up all Moscow, they will still fetch more and more treasures from all parts of the world. I cannot surely buy up all the world. Bright, glorious Nòvgorod is richer than I. Let me therefore yield my wager in time, and be prudent." Thus wisely, before it was too late, he freed himself from the cunning of the ruler merchants, and with the money left him he fitted out a fleet of thirty brave ships. These he filled with all his wares, and away he sailed with his faithful guard, his clerks. They passed smoothly through the many broad rivers of Holy Russia, between the tender rustling forests of birch wood, and the rolling steppes, green and gold and brown; and at last they had passed beyond rivers and seas and were away in the open ocean. Here they took courage and soon they were speeding to the warm countries of the East, and there Ssadbò could barter his wares with rich profits, so that he refilled his ships with piled-up baskets of gold, silver, and round pearls. But when they had finished loading, and everything was ready for their return, the whole thirty vessels strove in vain; the waves rippled, the breezes blew, and the ships tugged and strained with all their sinews. There was neither rock, nor reef, nor sand bank, but for all that they stuck fast. Then a memory of the Water Tsar came back to Ssadbò. Surely he thought the Tsar demands a tribute and immediately gold and silver and pearls were flung into the water. Still the ships were held. "It is clear", said Ssadbò to his faithful guard, "that the Water Tsar calls for nothing less than a living man of us. Let all our names be written each on a slip of wood and thrown into the sea; and that man's lot that sinks, he it is whom the Tsar claims". Now Ssadbò himself had been learning all the cunning and trickery of a merchant, but though he selected for his own lots the lightest of hop flowers thrice did these sink to the bottom like so many stones, whilst the slips of woods all floated like ducks. "No man may

escape his fate", brooded Ssadbò, "the Water Tsar demands me and me alone. But at least I will have no terrible, turbulent struggling death in the sea. Prepare me a stout oaken raft, good men, and load it with fitting treasures". When all was ready, Ssadbò wrapped himself in his finest sable cloak. In one hand he grasped an Ikòn of S. Mihail, in the other his old gouzli, and with a last farewell to the world and to all thoughts of bright, glorious Nòvgorod and his docile young wife he let his men lower him slowly to the raft, and at once the thirty ships sped and fled across the ocean like thirty huge black-winged birds of prey. In weariness and fear Ssadbò fell asleep, and when he awoke, he was already in the depths of the sea in the Water Tsar's chief palace. The Tsar and Tsaritsa were there to welcome him. "Long hast thou sailed in thy ships", spoke the Tsar, "yet offered us no loving tribute of thy best. The ruler of the waters can have all. Therefore he cares not to exact, but a voluntary freewill offering is ever acceptable. Now I have claimed thee as a gift to myself, and thou shalt win me many a famous cargo. What hast thou in thy hands?" "In my right", answered Ssadbò, "is an Ikòn of S. Mihail, in my left I carry my gouzli". "Good", continued the Water Tsar, "I have heard that of all gouzli players thou art the best; besides do I not recall thy playing on the shores of Lake Ilmen? Set aside the Ikòn, and give us music".

A prisoner fast in the very grip of the Water King, Ssadbò could but humbly obey; and as he plucked the strings of his gouzli the Water Tsar and his Tsaritsa rose from their gleaming thrones of ivory. Slowly and gravely they beat time, nodding their heads the while and waving and flapping their sheeny silken garments set with shining jewels and precious stones. Hundreds and thousands of Roussalki, the bright-haired water maidens, swam to lead the Choral Songs,\* and amongst the smaller water-folk there was leaping and jumping, with gurgling delight and much dancing. And, to this day, it is told that Ssadbò continues to play on, in the Water Tsar's fathomless realms, first in one kingdom, then in another, wherever the Tsar and his Tsaritsa hold high court and revels. And thither follow the Roussalki and the rest of the water people.

And one thing is certain that wherever Ssadbò's gouzli is heard, you may watch the churning of the waters; the great foaming billows surge high and fast, and shout and roar to the measure of the music. Proud ships pitch and reel and are broken to pieces in the turmoil; and many brave men and innocent women must perish and sink. Vast possessions too are engulfed and stored away in the Water Tsar's treasures beneath the rocks and sea-caves. The only chance for Ssadbò is that one day a string of his gouzli may snap. Then and then only might he escape and return to Holy Russia, for there alone, in spite of all the Water Tsar's smiths and menders, could Ssadbò's old gouzli be re-strung. And first of all he would have to build a church to S. Mihail, and another to God's Holy Mother, and to pray fervently to be pardoned for all his sins.

#### BRIDGE.

WE should like to say a few words as to the *raison d'être* of the new book, "Saturday Bridge", which is now in the hands of the booksellers.

When these articles were commenced, in March 1905, there was no idea of ever forming them into a book; they were merely intended to afford light pleasant reading, week by week, and to give some hints to lovers of the game of bridge. As time went on it became evident that the articles were exciting considerable attention, and so many stimulating letters were received, expressing the hope that the series, when completed, would be published in book form that it was determined to comply with the wish expressed, and "Saturday Bridge" is the result.

Before publishing the complete series it was necessary to go back to the beginning, and to rewrite and amplify

\* Horovodi.

one or two of the earlier articles, notably those dealing with the declaration; this was done by means of articles in the later numbers, and there is nothing in the book, with the exception of the laws of bridge and the bibliography, which has not already appeared in the columns of this REVIEW.

We cannot pretend that there is any imperative demand for a new book on bridge—the supply is already far greater than the demand—but there has existed for a long time a demand for some one standard work, dealing exhaustively with every point of the game, from a practical and experienced point of view, and this demand it is hoped that "Saturday Bridge" will supply. A complete bibliography of bridge up to the present date has been added at the end of the volume, and it may surprise some people to learn that nearly a hundred books dealing with the game have already been published.

The King has graciously consented to accept a presentation copy of the new book.

#### DRAW-BRIDGE.

In writing of the new two-handed game of "Ping-pong" bridge in last week's article we stated that the only present form in which bridge could be played by two persons was double dummy. We have since been reminded of the existence of a game called "draw-bridge", of which we have no personal experience, but which is said, by those who have tried it, to be quite a good game, and which therefore merits description.

A necessary adjunct of the game is two specially designed frames, which can be obtained at Harrod's Stores, or at Messrs. Mudie and Sons of Coventry Street, and no doubt at other stationers'. The two players sit at right angles to one another, as at double dummy, and four hands are dealt in the ordinary way. When the dealer passes the declaration, it has to be made on the dummy's hand according to the rules for double dummy. As soon as the declaration is made and the first card led, the two dummy hands are fixed into the aforesaid frames, which are so designed that each player can see the cards in his own dummy's hand, which is opposite to him, but cannot see the cards in his opponent's dummy. The game then proceeds as at ordinary bridge.

With every set of draw-bridge, a pamphlet is supplied, giving the rules and methods of playing the game, and also a few hints for would-be draw-bridge players.

The hints are as follows:

1. A bold policy in calling is essential to success.
  2. No Trumps may be ventured on a moderate hand of one ace and a couple of kings with the score against you.
  3. Be chary of re-doubling, unless every suit is protected.
  4. To play well it is necessary to be able to recall every card played.
  5. The first lead, being a blind one, should in every possible case be one likely to give the first hand a chance of a second lead.
  6. Should the call be by the imaginary partner to (sic) the dealer the state of the score may justify a double from absolute weakness.
  7. A lead through the trump suit in such a case is frequently highly efficacious.
  8. Never maintain the same style of play in finessing. A lead out of the common order of things is sometimes advisable.
  9. Always retain your chance of putting the lead in either hand as this may frequently mean the gain of two or three tricks at a critical stage of the play.
  10. Keep back all the information possible as to the lay of the cards.
  11. Use every legitimate means of fogging your adversary. Remember that as you are giving no information to your partner it is quite permissible to make remarks on the play.
  12. Confidence and skill alone will make you a successful player of draw-bridge. Luck is of no avail in the long run.
- Some of these hints are really rather quaint. Many of them are simply the well-worn maxims of everyday

bridge, but one or two are rather a departure from the ordinary methods. No. 6 for instance. What possible state of the score could justify a double on "absolute weakness"? We should like to play against an opponent who considered that the state of the score justified him in doubling our declaration on nothing. No. 4 is surely applicable to almost any card game, and is by no means peculiar to draw-bridge. Then again what does No. 11 mean? Is a player supposed to be justified in vouchsafing false information as to his hand so as to deceive his opponent. We hope not. As to No. 12, give us the four aces every time, and we would back ourselves against all the confidence and skill in the world. Luck is by no means everything, but who shall say that it is of no avail?

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE ATTACK ON THE CHURCH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 June, 1906.

SIR,—Now that the so-called Education Bill has been pretty well discussed and dissected, and its "inwardness" revealed to a somewhat astonished British public, it seems desirable that we should "clear our minds of cant", and begin to speak of it as it really is. For certainly to speak or think of it e.g. as "Mr. Birrell's Bill", or as "a Liberal measure", or as "a Bill for the furtherance of Education", is a palpable darkening of counsel. It is no secret that if Mr. Birrell could have had his way the Bill would have been other than it is. We may thank Dr. Aked for a partial revelation of the fact, but Mr. Birrell's own evident dislike for what he was doing, and the constraint to which he was painfully submitting in refusing all amendments in the late debates have been sufficiently obvious. It could hardly be otherwise; for we may safely credit him with enough of real liberality of sentiment to make the thoroughly illiberal character of the provisions which party exigencies impelled him to advocate utterly distasteful to him. To curtail the religious liberties of parents, to call in the civil power to impose arbitrary standards and limitations of religious belief, and to inflict disabilities and confiscation on the larger half of the Christian population of the country, was a task so utterly at variance not only with true Liberalism as hitherto understood, but with all that was best in the traditions of Nonconformity itself, that its imposition upon Mr. Birrell entitles him, to say the least, to the tribute of our sincerest pity.

Least of all, perhaps, if names are to correspond with facts, can we admit the claim that it is in any true sense an "Education Bill". As has been again and again remarked, it does nothing to further the education of the country. Many as are the defects and deficiencies of our educational arrangements, it does nothing to remedy or supply them. Were it passed to-morrow, not an English child would be a step nearer on the way to a sound education than now; though many thousands of children would thenceforth be denied the right and the opportunity of acquiring in its fulness that one branch of knowledge which is highest, and concerns them most of all.

What then, if the plain truth may be told, is this Bill, which is neither Mr. Birrell's Bill, nor a Liberal Bill, nor a Bill for the furtherance of education? Why should we hesitate to state what we all know, for there is no mistaking its features, and its parentage is stamped on every line? It is simply the Bill of the so-called "Free Churches"—of the militant or political Nonconformists, leagued together for the one master purpose in which for the nonce they are at one—the desire to weaken and humiliate the National Church. It has no other *raison d'être*—no other underlying principle than this. It aspires, not to teach, but so far as possible to prevent the Church of England from teaching. If we would give it a title which would pass muster in the "Palace of Truth", it might be fitly called "A Bill for the Persecution of the Church of England".



It is vain to expect that the solid phalanx of two hundred members whom Dr. Clifford, Mr. Hirst Hollowell and their colleagues have succeeded, by the persistent agitation of the last few years, backed up by the astutely devised "Passive Resistance" campaign, and misrepresentations not a few, in placing in the House of Commons, will willingly bate an inch of the persecuting purpose for which alone they were sent there. The Church must rely, not certainly on their forbearance, but on her own inherent and as yet but partially developed strength, and on the awakening sense of justice in the great majority of the English people.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,  
CANON.

#### THE PRIME MINISTER AND SECULAR EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kincraig, Cutcliffe Grove, Bedford,  
24 June, 1906.

SIR,—In last week's SATURDAY REVIEW a correspondent quotes Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in support of her opinions. May I quote too? In 1902 Sir Henry said: "If we (Liberals) had our way, there would be no religious differences at all. We should confine ourselves—I believe nine-tenths of Liberals would confine themselves—to secular education, and to such moral precepts as would be common to all, and would not be obnoxious to people who do not come within the range of Christianity."

Yours faithfully,  
J. A. REID.

#### M. CLEMENCEAU AND CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 Buckingham Street, Strand,  
27 June, 1906.

SIR,—If anybody wishes to understand M. Clemenceau's real attitude towards the Christian religion let him pause to consider the following excerpt from that much-bepraised statesman's recent speech, delivered somewhere about the 20th inst. in the debate with M. Jaurès, in the French Chamber. Turning to the latter M. Clemenceau said, "You are like Jesus Christ, who thought he was going to set the world to rights with his theories, and who only succeeded in conjuring up an era of violence and blood". What is to be thought of a "great statesman", one having diplomatic relations with the representatives of Christian countries, who uses such language as this concerning the Founder of the Christian religion? There would probably be a rising in Algeria if M. Clemenceau used similar language with reference to Mahomet!

Yours very truly,  
RICHARD DAVEY.

#### SPAIN AND CATALONIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—A correspondent in your columns makes an ingenious and back-handed stab at Irish Home Rule, under the pretence of writing on Spain and Catalonia. This is evident by the introduction of Ulster as an illustration, and by the fact that he evidently possesses no knowledge of either Spain or Catalonia, or at least, if he does so, conceals it, as Solomon occasionally concealed his wisdom from the eyes of the profane.

The stab is treacherous, and the motive so evident that I have no doubt you will allow me to reply to his main assertion, for it is only an assertion to which no atom of proof is adduced. "In these days", he says, "a small and isolated country remains a contemptible fraction". This he asserts by way of proving that great empires are the order of the day.

That the reverse is really the case the following list of names goes far to show.

Bulgaria, Roumania, Servia, Norway, have all seceded from greater Powers within the memory of man.

Finland and Hungary, Poland and Ireland, with Bohemia and Macedonia, all mortally detest their union with great oppressive States. Nothing but force keeps any one of them a portion of the great empires to which respectively they all belong.

As to Catalonia, your correspondent may be sure that if in the long run she wishes to be free, she will gain her independence, for the whole trend of modern thought and economics is towards the evolution of small States, and every great unwieldy Power, our own included, is on the verge of a break-up and a return to its component parts.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

#### FIGUREHEADS FOR MOTOR-CARS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Epping Forest.

SIR,—Your novel and highly suggestive article in the SATURDAY REVIEW for 16 June should command the attention of all motor manufacturers as well as all motor-buyers.

The adoption of your proposed figureheads for cars appeals to one for the reason that with the disappearance of the wooden walls of Old England has gone also the figureheads which added so enormously to the interest, the dignity, the distinctiveness and the beauty of great seagoing ships. Such ornaments would obviously be out of place on an ironclad.

Motors are reviving the business of the highways of England, and it strikes me as peculiarly appropriate that we should now do on land what is no longer possible at sea.

I hope the idea may be taken up. If once started it would certainly become popular. The Daimler or some other company would find in its adoption a new field for the inventive resources of its staff. Yours,

OBSERVER.

#### THE KING'S ENGLISH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glasgow, 26 June, 1906.

SIR,—It appears that though a Scotsman may aspire to be Prime Minister or Archbishop of Canterbury, without evoking any English protest on the score of his nationality, he must not presume to have any opinions about the English language, or, at any rate, must not venture to give them expression. Your correspondent "A. G." has been so distressed to see in your columns a letter on "The King's English" from the pen of a "gentleman with a Scots name" that he has had to seek relief in exclamatory "O dears!" Is he, I wonder, one of those Englishmen who believe that Scotsmen don't wear trousers?

With reference to his assertion that "'but' is never a preposition", his attention may be directed to what a well-known English philologist, Dr. Richard Morris, has said bearing on this point: "Some words, as *save*, *except*, *but*, *ere*, are used both as conjunctions and prepositions." (Primer of English Grammar, page 108.) According to the same authority "but" is to be parsed as a preposition in "I learnt all my lessons but one". The lexicographers, too, so far as I have observed, might be cited in opposition to "A. G.'s" contention; and though some authors have written "but he" where "but him" might have been expected, the "gentleman with a Scots name" will have no difficulty in showing that English authorities are, for the most part, on his (Mr. Balfour's) side.

Yours faithfully,  
W. C. MURISON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. F. H. Balfour, in his zeal for the purity of our language, has exemplified one more error than he intended. He will, I am sure, forgive my calling attention to his misuse of the word

"cacophony"; it is the fashion of the moment for biters to be bit, and I shall be careful in my very next sentence to leave an opportunity for critic number three.

Mr. Balfour is discussing the rival claims of "all but he" and "all but him"; and with his meaning—unless I have misunderstood him—I heartily concur. "All but he" is wrong, but familiar: "all but him" is right, but unfamiliar: then let us stick to "all but he". That is what he means: what he says is that "all but him" is cacophony. Cacophony is simply harsh sound, and has nothing to do with either familiarity or grammatical correctness: now is there really any harshness of sound in "all but him", or do we dislike it simply and solely because it is unfamiliar? I once heard "Edward Albert, Prince of Wales", and thought it a distressing variation: but in point of euphony there is surely nothing to choose between it and "Albert Edward". My reason for protesting against the misuse (apart from a very natural desire to keep the ball rolling) is that it frequently involves false logic, which I hold should always be reserved for emergencies. Mr. Balfour's point being a sound and sensible one, he had no need of false logic, nor any intention of employing it; and yet—alas!—his argument stands thus: "All but him" is cacophony in the wrong sense of the word: cacophony in the right sense of the word should not be admitted into the language: therefore "all but him" will not do.

Yours, &c.

SPORTSMAN.

#### MUSICAL AUDIENCES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24 June, 1906.

SIR,—The article by your contributor Mr. Harold Gorst exhibits a comparatively novel phase of the musical tastes of the human species, yclept musical dilettante or musical "dabbler". Of the genus "dabbler" in the musical domain, we are, to be sure, most of us more or less familiar. His general and indeed invariable attitude is that of the insincere man: that is, he is either a musical "quack" or hypocrite, pretending to admire and adore that of which he has neither the faintest of musical conceptions nor understanding; or, on the other hand, it is that of the irreverent inane "giggler" who—like the raw and immature schoolboy or schoolgirl—laughs simply by way of anti-climax, since otherwise he would be compelled, by moral necessity "to cry"! In other words, with these people it is more or less a matter of choosing the line of least resistance. Students of human nature are perfectly familiar with this peculiar phase or trait of the human emotions.

It seems somewhat strange at first sight that amongst respectable musical audiences there should be found those who go to pianoforte and other recitals not to be impressed or moved by the beautiful and the sublime, but merely to be vulgarly "amused", and to satisfy some morbid, inane and insane "giggling" propensity—utterly unworthy of a lover of music. It always seems to me somewhat of a pity that we have no midsummer pantomimes, comic displays by acrobats, circus clowns, &c., where this class of inane and vulgar "nuisances" can be effectively amused to their hearts' content. They would doubtless, I can scarcely help thinking, find such highly emotional (?) displays far more to their tastes, far more interesting and even exhilarating (especially on these hot afternoons!) in every way than those indulged in by such great musical artists as M. Pachmann. True, they pay their shilling (or perhaps two shillings), and have therefore full right of entrée and liberty, alas! to disturb all who come there with higher motives—viz. to pray (musically speaking of course) and "not to scoff".

It is displays such as those described by Mr. Gorst in his article in the SATURDAY REVIEW that have a tendency to make one almost, at times, despair of the great mass of English concert-goers. True—and let us thankfully acknowledge the fact—there are always the "musical few", who have not bowed the knee to

the Baal of inanity and unseemly humour; but unfortunately these are, and always will be, a minority.

Faithfully yours, OSCAR GAUER.

#### CANNING, THE FAT LADY, AND SPRING GARDENS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 Spring Gardens, S.W.  
19 June, 1906.

SIR,—There is not, I fancy, much to be said in reply to Mr. Cecil Kent. He is by no means alone in failing to "relish" Canning's joke about the narrow gate and fat people. It is to be found in Rogers' "Table-Talk" (p. 160) as follows: "A lady having put to Canning the silly question, 'Why have they made the spaces in the iron gate at Spring Gardens so narrow?' he replied 'Oh, ma'am, because such very fat people used to go through' (a reply concerning which Tom Moore said that "the person who does not relish it can have no perception of real wit"). If the reply does not raise a smile no explanation or analysis, no Act of Parliament or surgical operation on the hearer will enable it to do so. Nor can we fall back on the so-called Goldsmith explanation: "It must have been the way it was said." Goldsmith did not hear the words spoken, no more, apparently, did Tom Moore, nor is it possible to believe that the poet, admittedly "a judge of wit", could conceive a witticism to depend on the manner of its utterance and not on the *Ding an sich*. The essential difference is well brought out in Horace Walpole's remarks about the gaiety provoked by the conversation of the Duc de Choiseul: "put me in mind of the Lord Chesterfield for they laugh before they know what he has said—and are in the right, for I think they would not laugh afterwards".

The few who do find humour in Canning's jest will for some little time longer—thanks to Tom Moore—be able to lay the flattering unction to their souls that they are so endowed as to relish what is caviar to the general.

Mr. Kent is reasonable enough in suggesting "Arlington Street" instead of "Strawberry Hill" as the possible destination of Cibber's summer walk, in the quotation. No doubt he was over seventy years of age, and it is ten miles from Charing Cross to Twickenham, but if we admit without demur that Dandolo the Doge, embarked to conquer Constantinople when over ninety, and that the celebrated Madame Geoffrin set out to travel from Paris to Warsaw (in 1766, be it remembered) when past sixty-eight, and that the Marchioness of Salisbury (who died in 1835 at the age of eighty-six) habitually indulged in hunting till she was seventy, surely there is nothing to raise the most supercilious brow in the report of a sturdy pedestrian, admittedly a "vivacious old boy" setting out for a ten-mile walk along the even paths on the sheltered banks of the tranquil Thames?

Very truly yours, A. O'D. BARTHOLEYS.

#### DAS REICHISMUS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your theatrical writer's delightful account of Dr. Reich's lecture has set me thinking on the subject of the lecture itself.

What is Platonic Love? I do not expect you to answer, nor do I expect Mr. Beerbohm to do so, or even the accomplished extra-Platonist who is continually delighting audiences with his expositions of the master. No; it has been already answered by a comparatively illiterate person.

On the Boulevards the other day two ladies of not intolerant principles met in their daily search for bread.

"What is Platonic Love?"

"My lover says he wants no other kind."

The other lady after some hesitation rejoins—

"L'amour platonique, hein . . . ça doit être quelque grosse cochonnerie."

Let students of "Das Reichismus" ponder on her words.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
NEO-PLATONIST.



## REVIEWS.

## INDUCTIVE MORALITY.

"The Origin and Development of the Moral Idea."

By Professor E. Westermarck. London: Macmillan. 1906. 14s. net.

"Aristotle's Theory of Conduct." By T. Marshall. London: Unwin. 1906. 21s. net.

DR. WESTERMARCK belongs to the school that once more rehabilitates the noble savage. This portly volume, stocked with detail, ranging over every continent and island, dealing with every tribe and custom, is a vindication of the simple beginnings, a covert criticism of the later issues, of morality. With moral conduct in society reflection and reason interfere either mischievously or without avail. All moral judgments have an emotional origin; all are based on sympathetic resentment. His whole position may be found conveniently summed up at the opening of the thirteenth chapter: "Moral judgments are passed on conduct and character, because such judgments spring from moral emotions; because the moral emotions are retributive emotions; because a retributive emotion is a reactive attitude of mind, either kindly or hostile towards a living being, regarded as a cause of pleasure or pain; because a living being is so regarded only in so far as this feeling is assumed to be caused by its will." It seems clear that he is so far right that praise and blame arise in man because he cannot help it, on viewing certain behaviour in others; it is neither a sense of duty or conscience or regard to custom, but a perfectly spontaneous reaction to an outward stimulus, which demands a redress of the balance, a compensating return of like for like. In its origin, this feeling has nothing whatever to do with a personal sense of responsibility; it is with some difficulty, reluctance and surprise that the critic of other men brings his own life and acts under the same standard. So far from being a magical gift which helps us to discriminate in our valuation, it is the simplest extension of mere physical reaction to circumstance. "Our moral consciousness" he says "belongs to our mental constitution, which we cannot change as we please. We approve and we disapprove because we cannot do otherwise. Can we help feeling pain when the fire burns us? Can we help sympathising with our friends?"

At the lowest earliest simplest stage (call it what you will) this is the case: that we judge emotionally; and many people, professed philosophers or religious and deductive moralists excluded, are certain that we never get beyond it. One point is worthy of the most careful note. Such verdict is absolutely unselfish and in a sense universal; very close interest in the action will no doubt intensify our feeling of praise or blame, but our unflinching reaction is disinterested, and the question is only later raised, how does it affect me? This comes with reason and reflection; and reflective, not original, morality is self-centred, and tries to refer everything to self as centre, just as speculative thought issues, quite logically, in solipsism. In fact, the rudimentary emotions are not selfish strictly, but æsthetic, not egoistic but catholic. We cannot help admiring beauty, either in work of nature or conduct of man; and it is not because we profit personally but because a thing or a will is as it is; and calls forth on appearance an unflinching reaction of a certain kind. A man does not feel because he judges; but judges because he feels. "Calm and penetrating reflection never excited moral emotion in the average man"; "moral condemnation and ideas of right and wrong would never have come into existence without"—what?—"an instinctive desire to inflict counter pain". He is hard on the humanitarian sophism, which justifies punishment by the principle of "determent" or correction; it is in its origin purely retributive, and in spite of much disguise never really ceases to be. Custom, to which primitive man is a slave, is a rule of conduct, not merely a public habit; and at the bottom of custom lies public indignation; and custom is characterised by generosity, disinterestedness, and apparent impartiality. To the origin of the innate character of the agent who excites

our praise or blame moral emotions are supremely indifferent: indignation and approval are felt by the determinist and the libertarian alike.

Four hundred pages are allotted to a careful and minute induction of practices, primitive and modern, which "directly concern other men's interests, their life or bodily integrity, their freedom, honour, property". To such matters as homicide, parent-murder, infanticide, human sacrifice, blood-feud, duel, charity, hospitality, subjection of children and women, slavery, he applies the above principles, with a wealth of illustration which is overwhelming. It is easy to see where his genuine sympathies lie: with primitive man, with early and unsophisticated human nature.

Again and again he contrasts unfavourably a modern custom, usage, penal code with an earlier; and denies to the Christian Church that softening influence which has been usually conceded even by its foes. The "lex talionis", he thinks, has increased in severity, when every offence is dealt with as an infinite and irreparable violation of divine or earthly majesty. Mediæval torture is worse than among barbarians. English law, till within living memory, is far more cruel than most savage codes. The slave in most nations, even to-day, is treated better than our labourers or artisans, has freer and more agreeable intercourse and greater hopes. The worst forms of personal servitude have been found amongst the most progressive and most Christian races, in the most modern ages; and the Anglo-Saxon is harsher than the Latin colonist. He candidly allows that behind the duties of hospitality lies an egoistic fear of the magic influence of the new-comer, his curse or his evil eye, and that the general devotion to the parent and the stranger is partly guided by a similar fear; but he does not think that we have made genuine progress on these lines. On the contrary, the English contempt of parents is noticed. China is often held up as a model, in almost everything except the Confucian disparagement of women. He contrasts our poor law with savage custom, and the tenderness of India not merely to father and mother but to all distressed members of the family or tribe. Peru was kinder to the sick than Spain; even the not infrequent murder of aged parents he traces to a kindly motive. The "higher culture as we call it" (so he states roundly) "has almost universally proved to exercise a deteriorating influence on the character of the lower races". He warmly approves Boyle's summary indictment: "The story is ever the same; we come, we civilise, and we corrupt or exterminate."

Some modern speculators would tell us that the cause is not far to seek. Custom has become law; the spontaneous utterance of the common consciousness has taken definite and precise form in some edict—which, as it prescribes for all, can only inculcate the minimum, and always bears on its face the look of an alien or usurping power. The natural virtues on which the social life depends—respect to parents, public spirit, fidelity, forbearance—have been handed over to the custody of the state, or to the reflections of philosophers. Primitive society merges the individual; the modern state, alternately threatening and appealing, pipes in vain to a selfishness which has been sedulously encouraged until no motive but that of self-interest is acceptable. Bodin wrote that "there is none to whom Nature has given any command except the father, who is the true image of the great Sovereign God". But the State, bent on confronting only equal and uniform units, suspicious and disintegrated among themselves, divided on purpose that it may rule, has jealously encroached on all intermediate authority, all independent corporations—all family ties. It is in vain for a modern minister to rebuke the name "children of the State", and call halt to the advance of this impersonal autocrat towards absolutism.

The other work before us on Inductive Ethics is a too bulky but clearly written and well-digested paraphrase on Aristotle. The accurate or pedantic student may find much to correct in detail in this volume; but it is interesting and significant as embodying the views of an amateur on the logician's least scientific treatise; and common sense coming fresh from life and ordinary opinions corrects many far-fetched views of the closet

and the academy; sometimes we certainly prefer Marshall to Stewart as a guide to Aristotle's meaning. Now Aristotle ended a very patchwork composition with a suggestive compromise: the wise man was to be allowed to live his own life, detached and apart; the common herd were to be moralised into automata. It is no use disguising the matter. The man, fit to rule and think for himself, was preparing to wing his flight into half-mystical seclusion from the pettiness of civic routine; and yet the State was to accustom its children to "take pleasure in the right things", by a mechanical training, which would bring us within sight of Herbert Spencer's Utopia. The power of the State, the limits (if any) of its sphere of encroachment, the meaning (also, if any) of that unhappy word, democracy, the supplanting of the natural and spontaneous by the coercive and reflected, the gradual abandonment of individual responsibility, the assumption of all virtue as of all prerogative by a stern and unscrupulous central committee; these are some of our latter-day problems to which both these volumes lend, each in a different way, very useful guidance and illustration.

#### A QUEEN OF THE SALONS.

"Julie de Lespinasse." Par le Marquis de Ségur.  
Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1903. 7 fr. 50c.

UNTIL we read this graceful monograph by the Marquis de Ségur we had been fully satisfied that everything worth writing about the heroine had long ago been given to the world, but we are persuaded that there was still something to learn about one of the most remarkable women of an epoch when women ruled French thought to an extent never equalled even in that country either before or since. In the first place the author has successfully cleared up the mystery of her birth. There can be no doubt after his patient investigations that she was the illegitimate daughter of the Comtesse d'Albon and the Comte de Vichy-Champrond, the brother of Mme. du Deffand with whom the world will always associate her name. Her earlier years were passed in the household of the Comte de Vichy, but it is not surprising that after a time she found her position there one of increasing difficulty and discomfort. Even in an age when that sort of domestic irregularity was less punctiliously regarded than it is now a girl in the situation of Julie de Lespinasse could not but find it embarrassing. This indeed was the cause that led her ultimately to accept the offer made by the Marquise du Deffand to take up her residence with her in Paris. It is after this change in her system of life that her career becomes the property of history and is connected indissolubly with the names of all that were famous in literature and society during the latter years of Louis XV. and the beginning of his successor's reign.

We must say that the accomplished author devotes more than due attention to the two intrigues or rather passionate episodes which marred and finally brought to a tragic close his heroine's career. No doubt his defence would be that he desired once for all to clear up all obscurities on these matters and he may allege with truth that if he finally convicts her of sacrificing too much to her infatuation for Guibert, he successfully defends her against the charge of loving the Marquis de Mora over well. But we believe that the true interest of her history lies in her extraordinary intellectual powers and capacity for attracting the enduring affection and respect of such men as d'Alembert and such leaders of society as Mme. de Geoffrin. After all there is something almost nauseating in these passionate epistles from a mature mistress to a young lover written at the very time when a former lover was dying of consumption, a lover too whose attachment was undoubted and who had never been abandoned. This is not the side of Mlle. de Lespinasse's career on which we would willingly linger, but whatever her mistakes may have been she paid dearly for them and her letters to Mora and Guibert are often exquisite both in form and sentiment. Many of these the Marquis de Ségur is lucky enough to put before the world for the first time accompanied by a judicious and sympa-

thetic commentary. They help us at all events to understand something of the charm which gave the writer, who came to Paris without any ready-made reputation, in a few years the leading place among all the women of the Salons.

In the famous quarrel between Mme. du Deffand and Mlle. de Lespinasse it is difficult not to sympathise with the older woman who found herself beaten on her own ground by the newcomer whom she herself had introduced into Parisian life. But there is in truth little enough ground for the charges of treachery and ingratitude brought by her against her younger rival. The outcome of the association was only what was to be anticipated. The influence of Mme. du Deffand on her surroundings was due to wit and intelligence alone, these qualities had to give way when they encountered cleverness allied with sympathy and enthusiasm. It is easy to understand the bitterness of the situation when friends like d'Alembert abandoned the old circle for the new but the explanation is no less easy and indeed the whole story of the disinterested attachment of the great philosopher to Julie de Lespinasse is one of the brightest episodes in an epoch wherein such idyls were not too common. The extraordinary value placed by that age upon intellectual qualities is nowhere more clearly shown than in the spontaneous generosity with which people in society, not always her near friends, rallied to the support of Mlle. de Lespinasse in her embarrassments. When the quarrel broke out with Mme. du Deffand, Hénault, Turgot, and Mme. de Châtillon combined to provide for her immediate wants. The Maréchale de Luxembourg made her a present of a complete set of furniture and Mme. de Geoffrin, who in fact only knew her by reputation, sold three of the finest Van Loos in her gallery and devoted a portion to establishing her in her new quarters while with the rest she bought her an annuity of 2,000 louis. Subsequently she settled a still larger income upon her which remained unknown even to her own daughter up to the time of her death.

But her friends invested the money well and in a few months the modest apartment in the Rue S. Dominique became the centre of the intellectual life of Paris. For the next ten or twelve years it was the meeting place of the fashionable, the intellectual, and the political world. It became recognised as the antechamber to the Academy, and more literary reputations were made there than have stood the test of time. But, as M. de Ségur with justice points out, it was the reputation of d'Alembert which brought the intellectual world there, the merit of the mistress of the Salon lay in keeping her circle intact when it had been once brought together. After all the influence of men in forming the famous Salons of the eighteenth century has been unduly underrated.

#### MILITARY PUERILITIES.

"The Six Best Competing Essays for the Prizes offered by the late Colonel Stanley Arnold." Supplementary Journal of the Royal United Service Institution. Published under the authority of the Council. London: J. Kohn & Co. 1906.

THE subject selected this year for the Stanley Arnold Prize is "The best, least irksome and least costly method of securing the male able-bodied youth of this country for service in the regular or auxiliary forces as existing, and for expanding those forces in time of war". To us who have opened our columns freely during the last five or six years to the discussion of this, the most immediately pressing problem of the day, such an exposition of the views of the members of our military services should, needless to say, have been of especial interest. The mere civilian is often told by professional soldiers or sailors, very justly, that he is not intimate enough with the details of barrack life, with the habits of soldiers, with the true conditions of the problem to be able to deal with it in a practical manner. He will, he is assured, be bowled out by some technical detail, or he will fall into a pitfall through his ignorance of the difficulties of the ground he attempts to traverse. Here then at last,



we imagined, we shall have efforts at a practical solution by the cognoscenti themselves. We might set out on a really illuminating excursion through the intricate tangle of the forest which we were warned is impenetrable save to professional guides.

With the aid of six guides selected by the Council for their excellence, though we do not understand how there can be "six best", we fearlessly started on our trip. We do not know what the sensations of other readers may be; for ourselves we confess that we are left more hopelessly confounded than ever. In forlorn condition we can only suppose that there are no guides of ability, that capable ones were otherwise employed, that the forest is impenetrable or that the judges made an error and did not choose the best men to help us. We do not care to speculate further as to the breakdown, but we offer a few words in justification of any traces of resentment which the lost traveller may exhibit in the circumstances. What struck us with misgiving at the outset was that the guides seemed all at variance when they entered on their task as to certain main facts and principles about which, if there be any science at all in the administration of military matters, agreement amongst experts should have been conspicuous. The guide who is supposed to be the best says on one page that invasion of these islands is not impossible, and a few pages further on urges that obligatory service would not remove any appreciable portion of our military burden. If invasion be possible then a large army for home defence is necessary, and obligatory service can alone give us one and, invasion or no invasion, a system which, to put it at the lowest, will give us officers must relieve us very considerably. The second guide did not approve of compulsory service for the remarkable reason that it has so improved the German conscript both physically and intellectually that he crushes out the unfortunate brother who has not had the good fortune to be compelled to serve. Such an advertisement for compulsion no civilian has yet dared to present. We commend it to the attention of Colonel Hime and those who think with him and with us. The next guide says the nation will stand none but trivial forms of compulsory training "till she be again badly frightened". We do not know whether Trafalgar frightened us more than the French and Spaniards or not, but that soon after it was fought volunteers in thousands were being enrolled to defend our shores is a fact which needs some explanation. This guide counsels us to pin our faith on rifle clubs and some other trivial forms of soldiering combining instruction with amusement after the approved manner of the kindergarten. The fourth guide admits that he has only touched the fringe of the forest but wants "defence laws", with some drastic provisions such as that "inefficient officers should not be retained; men thus rejected should be punished by the loss of all civil rights, as they are useless to the State unless they are willing to serve as soldiers, militiamen, or Volunteers". Truly "ragging" is not in it here! a militiaman, too, it appears is not a soldier. The sixth guide recommends matrimony as the cure of our military ills, on the grounds "of efficiency as well as to attract recruits". The cost would be great, but "would be compensated for by increased efficiency". If he had said increased population there might be something in his argument. The first guide would render the army more popular and more efficient by making officers always wear uniform. The sixth lays stress on permission being given to all non-commissioned officers to "wear plain clothes when not on duty, and all soldiers should be allowed to wear plain clothes when on leave or furlough. The tunic of the soldier should correspond to the black coat of the artisan, and he should be allowed to wear plain clothes when on leave or furlough".

We have taken only a few points as we turned over the pages, yet we think no one will deny that we have got together quite a nice derangement of epitaphs. To go more closely into matters. The writer who obtains the first prize in discussing the provision of officers, which is perhaps our greatest difficulty, states that we require nine or ten military colleges to supply the whole of the officers whose names appear in the "Army List". This assumption is based on the assertion that we cannot expect assistance

from the universities because men thus entering will begin at twenty-three or twenty-four while those from Sandhurst begin at nineteen, and he betrays a lamentable ignorance of the regulations which have been drawn up to bring the two classes of young officers to an equality, and starts therefore from a false premiss. But admitting it for the sake of argument to be true, how does the prizewinner propose to deal with the difficulty? As we have not the means to enlarge Sandhurst, the creation of nine similar institutions is obviously ruled out by financial considerations. Therefore he lightly suggests that a number of our public schools should be turned into military colleges on the lines of West Point. Presumably millions would have to be spent on the acquisition of these institutions, for even the most Radical Parliament would hardly venture on a process of spoliation by which Eton, Harrow, and half a dozen more of our great public schools were to be seized on by the War Office. But "let our public schools approach the question in a public spirit" and we need not fear their opposition to a measure compared with which the plunder of voluntary schools would be mere child's play. "The duties of a house master and a company commander are practically the same"! The dusty records of dead nations can be replaced by the political and military history of modern times. Tacitus is not to be compared with "Combined Training", nor Cæsar with the "Times History of the War in South Africa". "Let us forsake Marathon for Waterloo, and the Metaurus for Borodino" and so on. That was not the recommendation of Napoleon, or of Stonewall Jackson, or even of Lord Wolseley. Again we learn that the construction of a frame bridge is more capable of developing the reasoning powers than is Euclid. And yet again we are informed that "the boy who would not cheerfully devote a few winter afternoons to the construction with light tools of trenches and traverses" "must be a very unpleasant product of modern society". Our author babbles on that "under such a system every boy who reached the fifth form at a public school would be equipped with the whole technical knowledge"—to enter a house of business? to study for the Bar? to become a candidate for the Civil Service? No, "to be a thoroughly good non-commissioned officer or subaltern"! To have the mind of a sergeant-major has been hitherto the bitterest reproach of the British officer! Truly it must be often well deserved when an officer, so perfectly endowed as this one must be, is singled out for distinction by an institution which is supported to foster and develop the intellectual side of the training of our officers. After this we are not surprised that our mentor, having thus provided "for a sense of duty to the motherland (why not grandmotherland?), and a knowledge of the elements of war, sees no occasion to discuss the details of the system under which these assets would be utilised".

Nor are we astonished that the possession of a University degree is to be made dependent on serving with credit in the University Volunteer Corps, where the *ci-devant* senior classic is to be taught "advanced musketry", whatever that may be, and "technical services generally". We thought he had learnt all that when he had reached the fifth form, but apparently the youth of England is so stupid that four years more at Oxford and Cambridge must be devoted to what a cadet at Sandhurst can master in twelve months. The writer of the third essay has no illusions however as to a sense of duty or "motherland", it must be confessed. He tells us that "to attract Volunteers it has been found necessary to make camping work something of a beano—not too much work—with plenty of songs, a town near with *complacent female society*, and not too great an observance of *sobriety*". This we are told is not the case with all corps, but is it true that in any corps *complacent female society* must be provided for the Volunteers? If not, why do the judges reward a man for publishing a libel? But, though he does not himself mince matters, this elegant writer would bring up the youth of England on editions of historical works carefully and drastically expurgated. In his opinion, and he is fortified in it he states by the views of no less an authority than the "head master of a public elementary school", the history of the nation, *devoid of all criticisms of historians and the controversies*

of survivors should be regularly taught in schools, with the attractive side of gallant deeds for a cause specially dwelt on". If the survivors may not speak, and the historians are to be ignored, who is to decide as to what deeds were gallant or what were "causes" just or otherwise?

We can give no more space to the conflicting counsels and curious ineptitudes of these papers. If these selected essays represent even distantly the progress of ideas amongst our officers, it will be a long time before the advice of experts can be of much assistance when we are called upon to find a solution for one of the greatest problems of the day.

#### THE SACK OF LONDON.

"London, Vanished and Vanishing." Painted and Described by Philip Norman. London: Black. 20s. net.

"Somerset House, Past and Present." By Raymond Needham and Alexander Webster. London: Unwin. 21s.

MR. NORMAN'S book produces a rather painful impression, for many of its illustrations remind us that much of "vanished London" might have been preserved, or dealt with in a more reverential spirit than it has been. A great capital cannot be converted into a museum of antiquities, but many of the relics of the past, such as the "Tabard" Inn in Southwark, "Sir Paul Pindar's House" in Bishopsgate Street, and several City churches, ought never to have been carted away even for the sake of modern improvements. It is rare to find a book of this sort at once well written and well illustrated by one and the same hand and exhibiting throughout considerable research amongst little-known authorities. Mr. Norman's sketches are accurate, well drawn, and well reproduced. Not a few of the quaint buildings included among his sketches contained remarkable features of interest, beside historical associations such as carved oak window frames and doorways, handsome staircases, marble chimney pieces, fine oak panelling, and elaborate ceilings which in any other civilised community than our own would have been carefully removed and placed in an appropriate museum. The French, though they have often, in moments of political fury, destroyed splendid monuments, in their calmer moments exhibit a far higher sense of reverence for their artistic and historical past than we do. London stands sadly in need of such a museum as the one which has been so admirably arranged in that noble old seventeenth-century mansion which boasted of Mme. de Sévigné as its most illustrious inhabitant and is known as the Musée Carnavalet. The concentration in one museum, set apart for the purpose of receiving the remains of old London which are now dispersed in the British, South Kensington, and other Museums, would very considerably relieve these already overcrowded institutions.

Mr. Norman includes in his series two excellent drawings of Crosby Hall, not only the finest specimen of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century in London, but one of the noblest buildings of this period in existence. At present, this ancient mansion, so rich in historical associations, is used as a restaurant! This old house might easily be converted into the Musée Carnavalet of London, for it is surely the most appropriate place imaginable for the preservation and display of the relics of "vanished and vanishing London"? When the present lease falls in, Crosby Hall ought to be purchased for the nation and counted as a national monument.

A glance through Mr. Norman's book will convince a man of taste that our ancestors had better architects than we have. They understood, especially in the Middle Ages, the value of the broken sky-line; and nothing could have been more picturesque than the streets of London in the earlier years of the reign of Henry VIII., when even the Venetian Ambassadors confessed that our capital was a city of such beauty as to equal any in Italy. When, however, Soranzo, the Venetian Envoy to the Court of Edward VI. came

to England, he was shocked at the evidences of the havoc the Reformation had made by the destruction of so many grand churches and monastic institutions. "London looks", said he "like a city that has recently sustained a siege. There are to be seen spaces covered with ruins, that a few years ago were occupied by splendid churches and monasteries". The style of the domestic architecture of England, and especially of London, in the olden times and until the middle of the eighteenth century, was infinitely superior to that which is now in vogue, and which is poorly imitated and adapted from the Flemish. The gables and the pinnacles, the timbered façades, the Gothic and Tudor towers and arches, the oriel and bow windows, and all the other delightful features of genuine English architecture, were so admirably suited to our climate and made such an excellent sky-line when seen through the misty atmosphere of the metropolis, even on a foggy day, that it is really amazing it has not been more extensively drawn upon: an Aldwych and Kingsway in the English Gothic of the fifteenth, or the Tudor of the sixteenth, centuries would surely be infinitely preferable to the poverty-stricken imitations of Belgian, Italian, and French architecture which will in all probability disfigure, for a hundred years to come, what ought to be two of the finest thoroughfares in Europe? Our new public buildings, also, are lamentably inferior to anything erected on the Continent, even within the past twenty years. It is barely two years since Newgate Prison was pulled down. Possibly its removal was necessary, but at the same time its gruesome relics were dispersed for very small prices, notwithstanding their value as illustrations of the judicial system which held good in this country for so many centuries. In Paris they would certainly have been secured for the Musée Carnavalet. Some of them will now be found at Madame Tussaud's and a certain number were purchased for the Metropolitan Museum of New York, and the wonderful old door with the formidable fifteenth-century lock is just now being exhibited in a Victoria Street shop window. A board is up announcing the sale of the fine old mansion at the bottom of Buckingham Street, Strand, which was inhabited by Peter the Great during his visit to London. It contains a chamber in the late seventeenth-century style, with a very remarkable ceiling, having a centre medallion representing an allegory by Vario. This interesting ceiling and the deep-cut panelling in this room ought to be preserved. Two years ago a lovely ceiling by the brothers Adam, with panels painted by Angelica Kauffmann, was wantonly broken up when the new Ophthalmic Hospital was built, and sold to art dealers in the neighbourhood!

M. Octave Uzanne observed recently that if Somerset House, quite the handsomest modern building in London, were anywhere else than in London it would be isolated and surrounded by an important square so that its noble proportions would stand out fully revealed, and not, as at present, dwarfed on two sides by commonplace houses and shops. He was quite right, and it is a pity his suggestion cannot be carried out, for Somerset House is one of the few fine palaces erected in this country since the Reformation. The elevation of Jane Seymour, after the execution of Anne Boleyn, to the towering but insecure position of Queen-Consort of these realms placed her two brothers, Edward and Thomas Seymour, in very close contact with the Throne: so that when, after the death of Henry VIII., Edward Seymour, who had been created Earl of Hertford, obtained by a crafty intrigue the guardianship of his nephew, Prince Edward, now become King, one of his earliest displays of ambition was to build himself a palace in the Strand worthy of his high fortunes as Lord Protector and first Duke of Somerset of the new creation. In order to do so he destroyed the church of S. Mary-le-Strand, the palaces of two bishops, and the steeple and the greater part of the church of S. John of Jerusalem at Clerkenwell, besides the cloister on the north side of S. Paul's Churchyard and the "Charnel House" on the south, which latter contained the famous "Dance of Death", together with Lydgate's metrical descriptions thereof, translated from those attached to the similar work at Basel. He would have pulled down S. Margaret's,



Westminster, but was prevented by the outcry of the citizens. It is not established who was the architect of the first Somerset House, but in all probability it was the celebrated John of Padua; the clerk of works was certainly Robert Lawes. There is a fine drawing of a proposed façade for Somerset House in the Soane Museum by Thorpe, whose design it evidently was not, for he only began to work in 1570. He was however in the habit of copying the drawings of earlier architects, especially of Holbein and John of Padua. A curious remark made at the time of Somerset's trial points to the fact that the Paduan was really the architect, for it was then stated that Somerset had, "at a time when the King was engaged in costly wars, and London attacked by the Plague, brought over architects from Italy and designed such a palace as had not been seen in England before".

The earlier palace was a very magnificent specimen of English Renaissance, but Somerset did not live to occupy it, and it was still unfinished when it was handed over to Elizabeth by her brother Edward VI. in exchange for Durham House higher up the Strand. Although Elizabeth frequently stayed at Somerset House, the State Papers contain but little concerning her doings there. She was certainly in residence there in 1553 at the time of the coronation of her sister Mary, and when she herself was Queen she frequently occupied the palace for a few days at a time. Elizabeth took possession of Somerset House in 1558 and held daily councils there throughout September, and it was at Somerset House that she began to put into practice that Oath of Supremacy which her father had ordained. The great Queen went from Somerset House in state for the opening of the Royal Exchange, and was brought back in triumph by torchlight; after which she does not appear to have troubled the palace in the Strand overmuch with her presence.

James I. bestowed Somerset House upon his Consort, Anne of Denmark, with whom it was a favourite home; and here she gave many of her most magnificent masques, on which she spent lavish sums of money, and thereby associated Somerset House with the names of Ben Jonson, Dekker, John Donne, Samuel Daniel, Thomas Campion, Michael Drayton, Chapman, Heywood, and perhaps even Shakespeare. Under Charles I. Somerset House became the scene of a good deal of Roman Catholic intrigue. Queen Henrietta Maria arrived in England accompanied by a formidable army of French noblemen and women and by a regiment of priests, headed by the Bishop of Meaux. The chapel was converted into a Catholic church, and Mass was said there regularly for several years, being attended by a number of Catholics from all parts of London. There was at that time a small plot of ground attached to the chapel, where many Catholics were buried, and their gravestones may still be seen, let into the walls of a passage under the quadrangle of the present building.

When Charles I. was executed in 1649 Somerset House was ordered to be sold, and narrowly escaped being pulled down. The chapel was handed over to the French Protestants, and all the furniture, pictures, jewels, and works of art, collected from the palaces of Whitehall, St. James', and Hampton Court, were added to those belonging to Somerset House itself, and were exhibited in the long series of apartments, where, it was deemed, they could be more easily seen by the virtuosi and dealers of the period, who had collected from all parts of Europe to attend perhaps the most interesting sale on record.

Although the majority of these works of art were disposed of, some few of considerable importance were saved by Cromwell himself, and replaced in the Royal palaces. Cromwell's body was brought from Whitehall to Somerset House and lay there in regal state in the Chapel Royal. So magnificent was his funeral that during his lying-in-state thousands of people passed through the Chapel, many grumbling at the regal splendour with which the remains were exhibited. Under Charles II. Catherine of Braganza frequently resided at Somerset House, and the Chapel Royal once more became a "mass-house", much to the indignation of the Puritans. It was at Somerset House that la Belle Stuart, Duchess of Richmond,

fell ill of the small-pox and was visited by the King, notwithstanding the danger of infection. The palace was next associated with Monk, who lay in state at Somerset House and was conveyed thence to the Royal tomb-house at Westminster. After the death of Charles II. and the departure of his widow for Portugal, Somerset House fell upon bad days, and finally became converted into a sort of Royal poor-house where folk holding official positions were able to have apartments rent free. In the eighteenth century its most remarkable inmates were Mrs. Gunning and her three lovely daughters, one of whom became, first, Duchess of Hamilton, and, secondly, Duchess of Argyll; whilst her sister Maria married the Earl of Coventry. Queen Charlotte, to whom the House eventually fell as a dower, sold it to the Government for £60,000 in exchange for the mansion which has since developed into Buckingham Palace.

"Somerset House, Past and Present" is a capital book, pleasantly written and remarkably accurate. In describing a pageant given by Queen Mary I. at Richmond in honour of her sister, Princess Elizabeth, the authors however have fallen into a very curious error. They say that the Queen introduced into the elaborate decorations of the pavilion in which she entertained her sister "the golden pomegranate (the device of Elizabeth's mother, Anne Boleyn)". Trivial as this slip may appear, had it happened the whole tenour of the subsequent history of England might have been changed; for had Mary really acted as alleged it would have signified that she recognised the legitimacy of her sister and endorsed the divorce of her own mother, Catharine of Aragon, for the pomegranate is the Royal emblem of Spain, whereas the silver falcon was the device of the hated Anne Boleyn, and one therefore which Mary Tudor would never have allowed in a decorative scheme in any of her palaces, especially in honour of Elizabeth, for whom she can have had only a hollow affection.

## NOVELS.

"The Arena." By Harold Spender. London: Constable. 1906. 6s.

How is it that nobody but Lord Beaconsfield has succeeded with the political novel? Anthony Trollope tried his hand at it several times; but the politics are the weak parts of such capital novels as "Phineas Finn", "The Prime Minister", and "The Way We Live Now". It does not appear to be merely knowledge of the political world that is necessary: for Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Harold Spender have knowledge. Yet neither has succeeded in writing a good political novel. Disraeli's secret seems to have been that he interwove real politics with his story of love or ambition, and using the names of actual statesmen, Canning, Peel, Wellington, grouped his own heroes and heroines around them. But then of course Disraeli's views on the real politics were intensely interesting; whereas those of Trollope, Mrs. Ward, and Mr. Spender are not. What these imitators of Disraeli do is to give us sham politics and sham statesmen, sketches or caricatures of actual leaders under silly pseudonyms, such as "Sir Warwick Westend", "Mr. Plawsworthy", &c. The result is profoundly unsatisfactory. "The Arena" is not a bad novel, considered as a story of the marriage of a young Radical aristocrat with a pretty little bourgeoisie. The description of Lord Alfred Markham's courtship of Lucy Arnott, his marriage and neglect of his bride, the sudden and passing danger of the military cousin, and the final reconciliation of the pair on board ship, make a pretty, if somewhat sketchy, romance. But as a political novel "The Arena" is commonplace to the last degree. Neither Loder, the labour leader, nor the settlement at Kennington, nor the scenes in the House of Commons have any note of distinction, or even of actuality. Indeed the scraps of speeches in the House repel us by their absurdity. No Conservative leader, however well he might have dined, could possibly make such an attack upon the Prime Minister as Mr. Plawsworthy is depicted as making upon Mr. Ambrose. We can only explain the failure of a clever and well-informed

man like Mr. Harold Spender to write a good novel of the world by the fact that he is a careless observer. A man who cannot observe the little things of life is nearly certain to make mistakes in describing the great things. Mr. Spender speaks of a hansom with "pneumatic" tyres: and mentions that Lady Alfred Markham's travelling bag is marked with a coronet. A man who has not observed that hansoms use solid tyres, and that the wives of peers' younger sons do not use coronets (for the good reason that they have none), is, like Habakkuk, "capable de tout".

**"Set in Authority."** By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). London: Constable. 1906. 6s.

Mrs. Cotes has before now written exceedingly "topical" stories of Anglo-Indian society, but her latest book takes a more daring flight. We are introduced to a Viceroy who had written a book on the problems of the Yellow Races, and another work on Asiatic affairs which his appointment compelled him to cancel. He signalises his rule in India by remarkable activity in the matter of assaults by British soldiers on natives. After this, it is a small matter that the Lord Thame of the book is a radical and a bachelor, or that the name of Lord Curzon is mentioned among his predecessors. There is a strong situation in which a British regiment is to be paraded to witness the execution of one of its privates for the alleged murder of a native, but the author strains coincidence too far in her revelation of the unsuspected identity of this victim of the reforming Viceroy. The book introduces much sensible discussion of this delicate question of collisions between soldiers and natives, but it is weak on its narrative side. Society in the capital of a small Indian province is cleverly sketched, but the ineffective love-story of the chief characters is unconvincing. Mrs. Cotes is remarkably well up in Indian administration, but is wrong in supposing that a death-sentence passed by an Indian court could come before the Home Secretary for revision. The Secretary of State for India is the King's adviser on such matters.

**"Lady Betty across the Water."** By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. London: Methuen. 1906. 6s.

Mr. and Mrs. Williamson have contrived as usual a readable and entertaining story, in which they display effectively their intimate acquaintance with millionaire American ways. Lady Betty is a delightful ingénue, fresh and amusing, who loses her heart to a steerage passenger on her way to America, and with touching simplicity fails to discover that he is a millionaire travelling incognito, until, in the very last chapter, she has proved her disinterestedness by promising to share the traditional cottage with him.

**"The Lady Trainer."** By Nat Gould. London: John Long. 1903. 2s.

We can imagine no better way of making a dreary journey pass quickly than to take up this book and read it from cover to cover. Mr. Nat Gould knows his subject and treats it well. We do know a lady trainer, but we confess we have no knowledge what seat on horseback she adopts. She is certainly successful in what she does attempt.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

**"The Writings of S. Francis of Assisi."** Newly Translated into English with an Introduction and Notes by Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M. Philadelphia: At the Dolphin Press. 1906. 2s. and 4s.

The first attempt at a critical edition of the actual writings of S. Francis of Assisi was made by the Franciscan Friars of Quaracchi in 1904 (see SATURDAY REVIEW, 2 January, 1904). It is from this edition that Father Robinson has translated. His work is useful, opportune, and even important, in that it is enriched with a scholarly preface and critical notes and illustrations which together go far towards making the book a veritable introduction for English readers to the wide subject of Franciscan studies. Father Robinson has an observant and penetrating mind that well knows in such matters how to weigh and to measure, to sift and to sort, to illuminate and present; his knowledge is thorough, his scholarship ripe, his

expository method clear and systematic. Indeed we may pronounce the apparatus of this book to be the best bit of modern work done in English on S. Francis of Assisi. The actual translation is to our mind the least satisfactory, as it certainly is the least important, part of the book. "De Verbis Domini memorabile scriptum" should surely not be rendered "some memorial of words of the Lord", but "a memorable passage of the words of the Lord". Again, "Generali Ministro religionis Minorum, domino suo, . . . Frater Franciscus": not "its lord" (the Order's) but his lord or master (Francis). We only differ seriously from Father Robinson in one of his conclusions: the statement that the three verses from the Book of Numbers on the famous parchment Benediction were dictated by S. Francis to Fra Leone. Palaeographically the handwriting seems to us obviously to be that of the Saint, but, palaeographical considerations apart, we can invoke the weighty testimony of the ever accurate Friar Thomas of Celano to save these three precious lines of the Saint's caligraphy: "scribit manu propria laudes Dei, et verba quae voluit, et ultimo benedictionem fratris". (II Cel. 2.20 Edit. d'Alençon.)

**"The Life of Goethe."** By Albert Bielschowsky, Ph.D. Authorised Translation from the German by William A. Cooper. London: Putnam. 1906. 15s. net.

Bielschowsky's "Life of Goethe", of which this is the first volume in an English translation, is a painstaking record of the Goethe material. The story of the years covered by this

(Continued on page 828.)

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instalment—1749 to 1788—is told clearly enough, but with all his study, all his industry, all his admiration of Goethe's genius Bielschowsky has not written a great biography. Of personal anecdotes illustrative of Goethe's character and habits Bielschowsky is singularly sparing, and some of his most interesting facts appear to be relegated to the notes, where they are most likely to be overlooked. The merits of the work are first that it gives the results of the most recent research in all that relates to the poet's work; further, the narrative of Goethe's various travels is excellently done, as is also the account of Weimar before it became what the poet himself termed it in one of his conversations with Eckermann, "a town of ten thousand poets and some inhabitants": but the chief merit of the book is the frank recognition of the fact that Goethe's mood was not always that of the reposeful Olympian. Thackeray's sarcasm: "Well, if Goethe is a god, I would rather go to the other place" has a good deal of relevance. Mr. Cooper's translation is well done, except for an occasional phrase or expression which may be good American, but is not classical English. The German "Weltschmerz" is invariably, but not very happily, rendered "world woe", although we admit it is difficult to find a satisfactory equivalent in English.

"The Dead Heart of Australia." By J. W. Gregory. London: Murray. 1906. 16s. net.

Professor Gregory here tells the story of his adventurous journey in 1901-2 in company with Mr. Grayson and some students from Melbourne University to the Lake Eyre Basin. His mission was undertaken with the object of attempting to settle certain legendary problems, with the assistance of fossil remains and geological explorations. Traditions among certain Australian tribes suggest that the deserts of Central Australia were at one time fertile well-watered plains, and there are stories bearing a family likeness to others to be found in Africa of strange monsters, known as Kadimakara, which are supposed to have existed in this richly vegetated land. Many explorers have gone into the interior never to return and Professor Gregory's enterprise was regarded as little less than foolhardy. But he and his companions are among those for whom the desert is irresistibly fascinating and he manages to impart some of that fascination to his pages. His book tells us a great deal about the aborigines but leaves the question of the Kadimakara open. He does not support the idea of flooding Lake Eyre, which he says "might do as little good to Central Australia as the Dead Sea does to its barren basin". It would improve geographical conditions around the lake at a cost which could never be recouped, and as a fact the idea seems quixotic.

**The Literature that Lasts.**—In a new issue of Bohn's Standard Library Messrs. Bell have just published the complete works of Emerson in five volumes serviceably bound and printed at 3s. 6d. net each. These are "English Traits" and the "Conduct of Nature", "Letters and Social Aims", "Miscellaneous Pieces", "Poems" and "Essays". Mr. Edward Sampson has edited the volumes and has entirely revised and rearranged the text as it appeared in the original issue in Bohn's Library. The editor takes the view that "English Traits" and the "Conduct of Life" are equal in interest to the "Essays" though not in style and matter. After the "Essays" we find most other work by Emerson of mediocre interest, much of it prosaic and commonplace. The "Essays" are the most brilliant work in American literature. "Circles" and "Compensation" are unquestionably great.—Three more volumes in the admirable series of half-crown reprints of English classics which are printed at the Oxford University Press have reached us. Trelawny's "Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron", "Poems and Extracts Chosen by Wordsworth", and "Theological Essays" by Benjamin Jowett. It is clear that the University Press are choosing their volumes for this series with taste and judgment. Jowett's essays, which Mr. Lewis Campbell has selected and edited, make an interesting and valuable volume; they are not, so far as we know, accessible in any other form so cheap and convenient as this. A good many volumes in this series will probably be sent by their purchasers to the binder, and print and paper both deserve it. Mr. Edward Dowden edits the Trelawny reminiscences, and, as he rightly says in his introduction, if we wish to make acquaintance with Shelley in his best days we turn first to this book. Interesting though Hogg's "Life of Shelley" is, showing us his Oxford days as nobody else could, it is on the whole inferior to Trelawny. The "Last Days" is a delightful and invaluable book to those who wish to know about the real Shelley. It is the best of all books of the kind. Medwin, Hogg and Symonds can be set in the bookcase alongside of Trelawny and these Poems, and there we have all we wish to know of the poet and the man. It is strange that Trelawny's book should have been out of copyright for several years now and yet only just republished. There were some pirate editions of it many years ago in America.—We have for some years given special attention to reprints of English classics, and there have been many articles in these columns on the subject, but it is almost impossible to keep pace with the publishers in

this. In a few weeks at almost any time of the year the shelves and the table become crowded with new editions of English poets and prose writers. Messrs. Greening have now come into this great book market, publishing at two shillings apiece two volumes which have all the appearance of the opening ones of a series; they are Swift's "A Complete Collection of Genteel and Ingenious Conversation", and Swift's "Tale of a Tub". It is rather a frisky idea to dedicate Swift's "Polite Conversation" to Mr. Birrell, seeing that he has declared that "No fouler pen than Swift's has soiled our literature. His language is horrible from first to last". We wonder the editor—who presumably offered the gift to Mr. Birrell—was not afraid of suffering Mr. Wyndham's fate. If Mr. Birrell really meant in deadly earnest what he said—that it was indecent to sit in the same room "with the works of this divine"—we rather think the editor of this reprint, Mr. Henry Blanchamp, is justified in the comment that Mr. Birrell has made "the silliest remark that could possibly be made". But in any case there is rather too much about Mr. Birrell in the preface. What readers want is not a reprint of Birrell but of Swift.—Among other volumes continuing established series are three in Messrs. Blackie's "Red Letter Library", Browne's "Religio Medici" (2s. 6d. net), which is evidently having a considerable run just now, "Julius Caesar", and "King John" (1s. 6d. net each), and Plutarch's "Lives" in four volumes (2s. net each) in Messrs. Bell's "York Library", translated by Messrs. Aubrey Stewart and George Long.—Messrs. Dent publish Rochefoucauld's "Maxims" in the original, a tasteful little volume (1s. net) and in the same form Dumas' "La Tulipe Noire" with a preface by d'Emile Faguet (2s. 6d. net); these are the opening volumes of a new series called "Les Classiques Français".—"The World's Classics" still go on, the publishers producing three new volumes, Chaucer's works, "The Bible in Spain" and Thoreau's "Walden" (1s. net each). For "Walden" Mr. Theodore Watts Dunton has written a short introduction, interesting and suggestive. It is happy news to learn from him that a mature worshipper's best days come after he has passed his forty-fifth year. Until you have passed the meridian of life you cannot know what a glorious thing life is, says Mr. Dunton, and he is probably quite right in this. But forty-five—is not the meridian reached before then?

For this Week's Books see page 630.

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meisterin of Wirtemberg (Marie Hay). Constable. 12s. 6d. net.  
Lord Palmerston (Marquis of Lorne); Lord John Russell (Stuart J.  
Reid). Dent. 2s. 6d. net each.

#### FICTION

Of Mistress Eve (Howard Pease). Constable. 6s.  
The House Over the Way (Alfred Wilson-Barrett); An Old Score  
(Ashton Hilliers). Ward, Lock. 6s. each.  
Cesar's Wife (K. Melton). Methuen. 6s.  
The House of Souls (Arthur Machen). Grant Richards. 6s.  
The Alluring Flame (J. E. Muddock); Traitor and True (John  
Bloundelle-Burton); Under One Flag (Richard Marsh); The  
Cattle Baron's Daughter (Harold Bindloss). Long. 6s. each.

#### HISTORY

A Week at Waterloo in 1815 (Lady de Lancey's Narrative. Edited  
by Major B. R. Ward). Murray. 6s. net.  
A Concise History of Europe (Avery H. Forbes). Ralph, Holland.  
2s. net.  
Histoire Socialiste (sous la direction de Jean Jaurès):—Tome VII.:  
La Restauration, 1814-1830 (par René Viviani), 3fr.; Tome VIII.:  
Le Règne de Louis-Philippe, 1830-1848 (par Eugène Fournière.  
7fr. 50. Paris: Jules Rouff et Cie.

#### LAW

Trial of Eugène Marie Chantrelle (Edited by A. Duncan Smith).  
Sweet and Maxwell. 5s. net.

#### REPRINTS

King John; Julius Caesar (1s. 6d. net each); Browne's Religio Medici  
(2s. 6d. net). Blackie.  
Idylls of the King (Tennyson). Macmillan. 2s. net.  
Trelawny's Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron;  
Jowett's Theological Essays. Frowde. 2s. 6d. net.  
Les Maximes du duc de La Rochefoucauld (Préface de Paul Souday).  
Dent. 1s. 6d. net.  
The Proverbs, Epigrams, and Miscellanies of John Heywood  
(Vol. II.); The Dramatic Writings of Ulpian Fulwell. Early  
English Drama Society.  
Vicomte de Bragelonne (Alexandre Dumas. 4 vols.). Dent.

#### SCHOOL BOOKS

A Progressive Course of Comparative Geography (P. H. L'Estrange).  
Philip.

#### SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

Reconnoitres in Reason and the Table-Book (Norman Alliston).  
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Diet and Dietetics (A. Gautier. Edited and Translated by A. J.  
Rice-Oxley). Constable. 18s. net.

#### THEOLOGY

A Mission of the Spirit (Rt. Rev. A. F. Winnington Ingram). Wells  
Gardner. 2s. 6d.

#### TRAVEL

Afghanistan (Angus Hamilton). Heinemann. 25s. net.  
The Cathedrals and Churches of the Rhine and North Germany  
(T. Francis Bumpus). Laurie. 6s. net.

#### VERSE

The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne (from the Original MSS.  
Edited by Bertram Dobell. Second Edition). Dobell. 3s. 6d.  
Radia, or New Light on Old Truths (Alec C. More). Stock.  
3s. 6d. net.  
Drake: an English Epic (Books I.-III. Alfred Noyes). Blackwood.  
6s. net.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

Game-Preserving, Practical (William Carnegie. Third Edition).  
Gill. 7s. 6d. net.  
Japan, The Garter Mission to (Lord Redesdale). Macmillan. 6s.  
London Topographical Record (Vol. III.). London Topographical  
Society.  
Oxford Dictionary, The (Ph—Piper. Vol. VII.). Oxford: At the  
Clarendon Press. 5s.  
Retaliatory Duties (H. Dietzel. Translated by D. W. Simon and  
W. O. Brigstocke). Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.  
Sea, The Opal (John C. Van Dyke). Laurie. 6s. net.  
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